



A QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

# KEN SHANNON

CRIME-BUSTING PRIVATE EYE

OCTOBER No.7

10¢

ICD  
10

A STRANGE TALE OF  
*FEAR AND TERROR*  
THE UGLIEST MAN  
IN THE WORLD





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



LOOK: CONSTANTLY KEPT UP TO DATE



# NEWEST

HIT TUNES  
Break-Resistant  
Vinylite Filled

# RECORDS

# 18

CHOOSE...

- ☐ HIT PARADE TUNES  
or  
☐ MOST LOVED HYMNS  
or  
☐ HILL BILLY HITS

Brand New Discovery—6-IN-1 Vinylite **BREAK-RESISTANT** Records—  
Play Up To 10 Full Minutes.



**IMPORTANT NOTICE!**

These Tunes Are Constantly Kept Up to Date—Only the Newest Tunes Are Kept on the List

**ORDER BY MAIL AT 500% SAVINGS!**

REGULAR 10" RECORDS  
Used On All Standard  
78 R.P.M. Phonographs  
and Record Players.



YOUR FAVORITE  
GROUP OF SONGS!

**\$2.98**  
ONLY

\$16.02 Value  
18 TUNES!

YOU  
GET

A \$16.02  
Value  
For \$2.98  
You SAVE  
\$13.04

**NOW, for the FIRST TIME**—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST** All-Time Hits, Favorites in all—For the **AMAZING**, unbelievably **LOW PRICE** of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 **TOP** Selections that if bought separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail for only \$2.98! **YES**, you can now get 18 **HIT PARADE TUNES**—the **LATEST**, the **NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes, some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores or you get almost a whole, complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted, they will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are 6-IN-1 records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as regular records, and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all type 78 R.P.M. standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT**, Vinylite records free from defects. **RUSH YOUR ORDER** FOR your favorite group **NOW!** **ORDER ALL THREE GROUPS** and **SAVE** even **MORE MONEY**, only \$2.98 per group.

**SUPPLY LIMITED.** That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the New **GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the Best Sounding records for the price, Return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't Delay, **SEND \$2.98** in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY! MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

HIT TUNES CO., 318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

## 18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Please, Mr. Sun  
Bermuda  
Wheel of Fortune  
Tiger Rag  
Blacksmith Blues  
Hambone  
Blue Tango  
Perfidia  
It's No Sin  
Slow Poke



Tell Me Why  
Cry  
The Little White  
Cloud That Cried  
Charmaine  
Anytime  
Jealousy  
Shrimp Boats  
Be My Life's  
Companion

## or 18 HILL BILLY HITS

Silver and Gold  
Wondering  
Bundle of South-  
ern Sunshine  
Too Old To Cut  
The Mustard  
It Is No Secret  
May the Good Lord  
Bless and Keep  
You  
Give Me More,  
More, More  
Music Makin' Mama  
From Memphis



Baby, We're Really  
In Love  
Hey, Good Lookin'  
Alabama Jubilee  
Always Late  
Cryin' Heart Blues  
Somebody's Begg  
Beatin' My Time  
Slow Poke  
Let Old Mother  
Nature Have  
Her Way  
Crazy Heart  
Mom and Dad's  
Waltz

## or 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer  
Onward, Christian  
Soldiers  
What a Friend We  
Have in Jesus  
Church in the  
Wildwood  
In the Garden  
Faith of Our Fathers  
There Is Power in  
the Blood  
Leaning On the Ever-  
lasting Arms  
Since Jesus Came  
Into My Heart



Trust on Me  
Jesus Keep Me Near  
The Cross  
Softly and Tenderly  
Dear Lord and Father  
of Mankind  
A Mighty Fortress  
Sun of My Soul  
It Is No Secret What  
God Can Do  
May the Good Lord  
Bless and Keep  
You  
Just a Closer Walk  
with Thee

These tunes are constantly kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

**FREE!**

If you **RUSH** YOUR ORDER NOW you get at NO EXTRA COST whatsoever a **NEW GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE**! ORDER 18 Hit Tunes or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$7.95. But **SUPPLY IS LIMITED**; so order at once. **SEND COUPON TODAY.** Order now on Money-Back Guarantee.

## MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

HIT TUNES COMPANY, DEPT. 164  
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please **RUSH** the 18 Top Selections along with the **GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE** on your **NO-RISK 10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**. I enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

- ☐ 18 Hit Parade Tunes \$2.98  
☐ 18 Hymns \$2.98  
☐ 18 Hill Billy Hits \$2.98  
☐ All Three Groups, 54 Songs \$7.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# KEN SHANNON



**VERA  
DANTON**

A real doll...  
but nobody  
to toy with!



**CLIPPER  
GARRET**

Undertakers  
liked him...  
he gave them  
so much  
business!

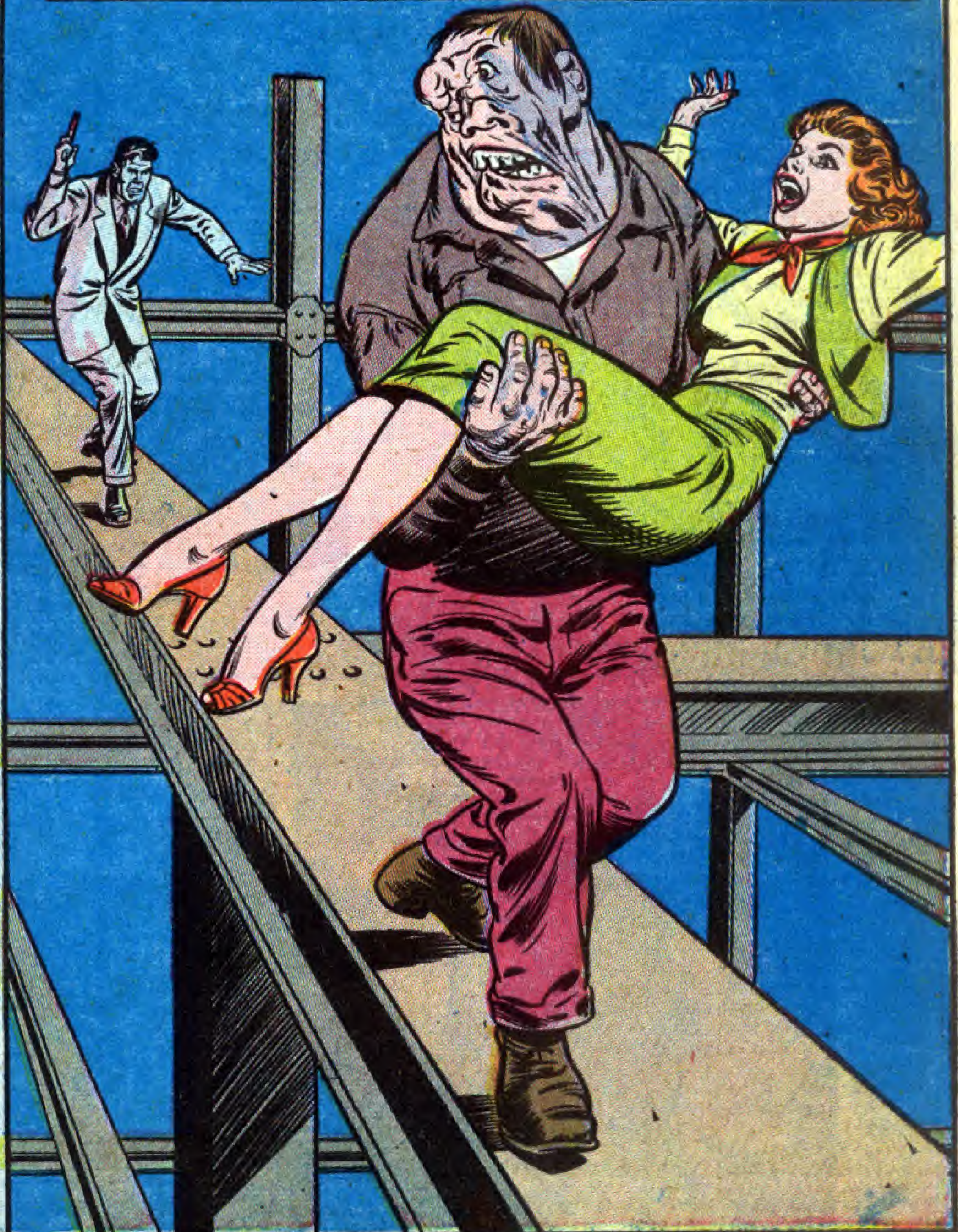


**DR. MASON**

He was  
patient...  
but his  
patient  
wasn't!

*THE GUY HATED ANYTHING THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL! YOU'D UNDERSTAND WHY IF YOU COULD STOMACH LOOKING AT HIS FACE! UGH! HE HAD A FACE THAT COULD MAKE A WITCH RUN FOR COVER! TALK ABOUT YOUR VAMPIRES AND GHASTLY GHOULS... THEY WERE PANTY-WAISTS NEXT TO THAT WALKING NIGHTMARE EVERYONE CALLED...*

*The UGLIEST MAN in the WORLD!*



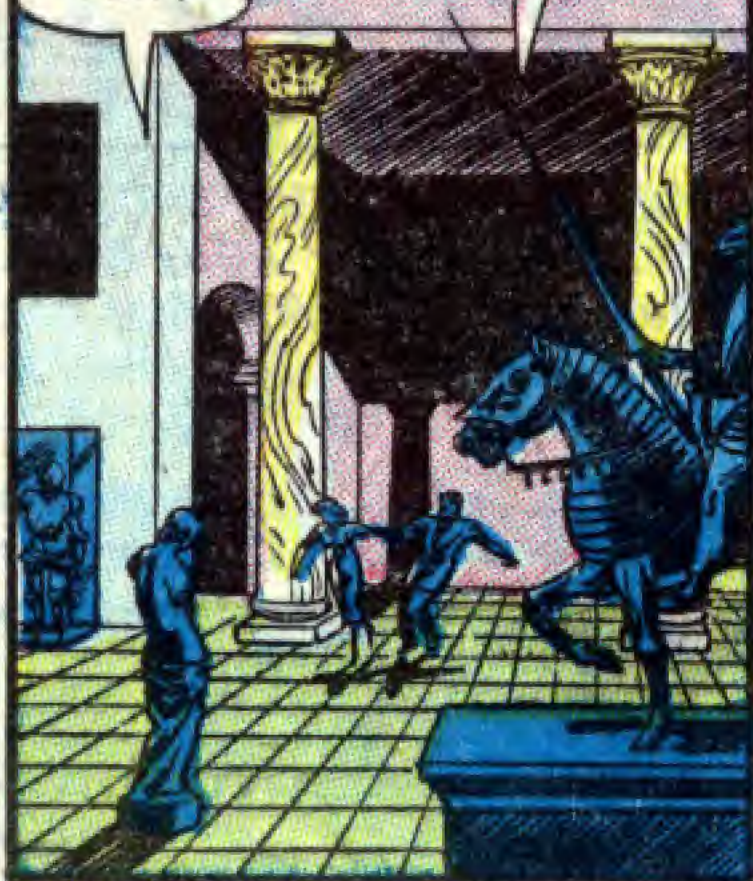


KEN SHANNON

I DON'T KNOW WHY IT IS, BUT MY SECRETARY DEE DEE DAWSON, HAS AN IDEA THAT A LITTLE CULTURE IS JUST WHAT I NEED!

COME ALONG, KEN! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED TO APPRECIATE ART!

NOW, WAIT, HONEY... I LIKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS BUT...



A HORSE COMING IN FIRST... A GUY RAPPING A HOME RUN... A CHAMP'S SWEET LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW... THAT'S MY IDEA OF ART!

OH, YOU... YOU BAR-BARIAN!



HOW CAN YOU LOOK AT ALL THIS AND NOT BE IMPRESSED?

HMM! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE A LITTLE OF WHAT YOU MEAN!



COME ON, POP EYES... I'D BETTER GET YOU HOME BEFORE YOU HAVE TO SEE AN OCULIST FOR STRAINED EYES!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY, DON'T YOU APPRECIATE ART?



Then IT HAPPENED! A CHILD HOWLED WITH TERROR AND POINTED AT A FIGURE STEPPING INTO THE MUSEUM...

EEE! LOOK AT THAT MAN'S FACE! IT SCARES ME!



The MAN WAS UGLY! JUST UGLY! HE HAD A FACE THAT MADE YOU THINK OF SLIMY CAVES AND CRAWLING THINGS! AND HIS VOICE WAS LIKE SAND-PAPER!

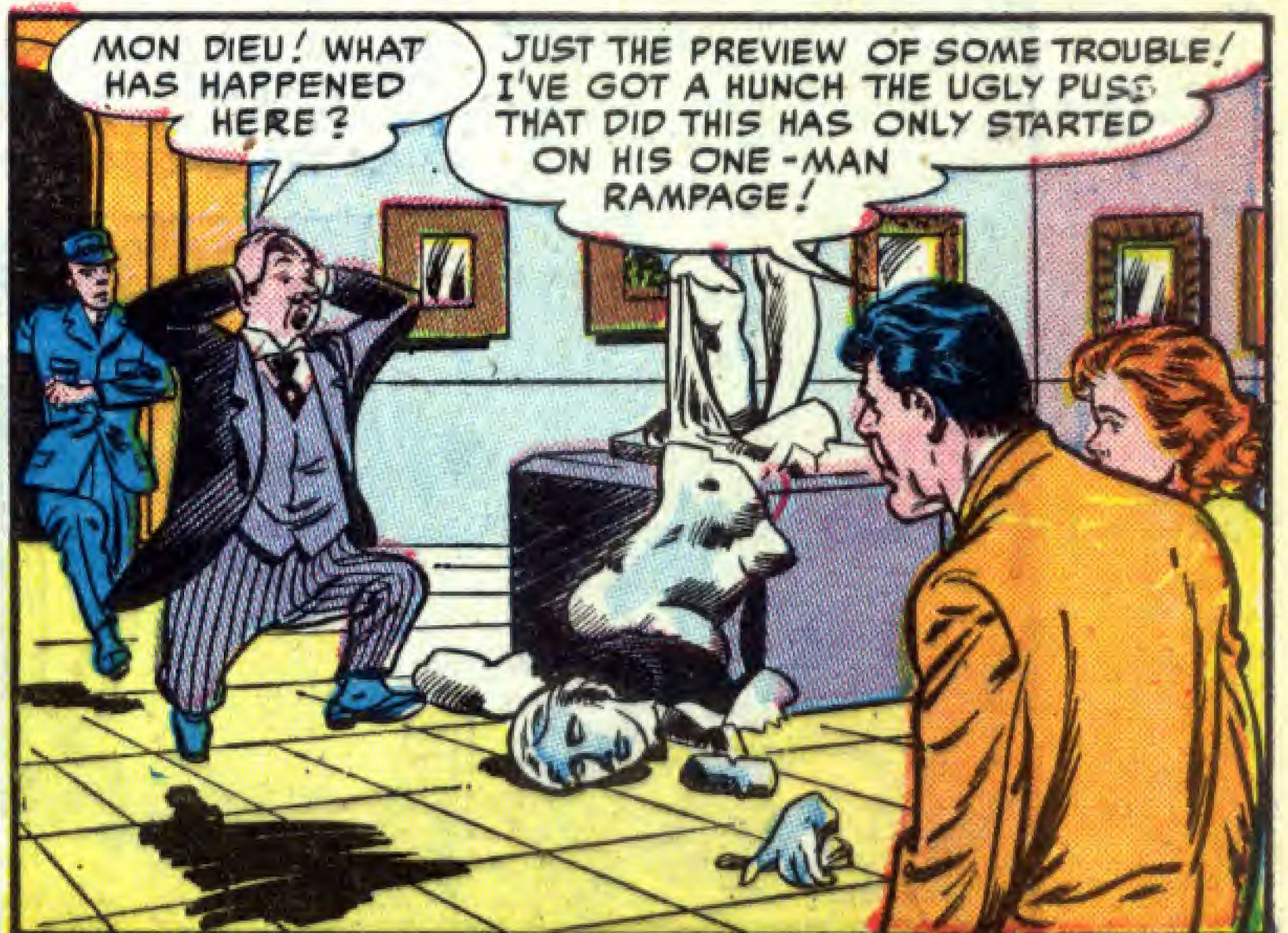
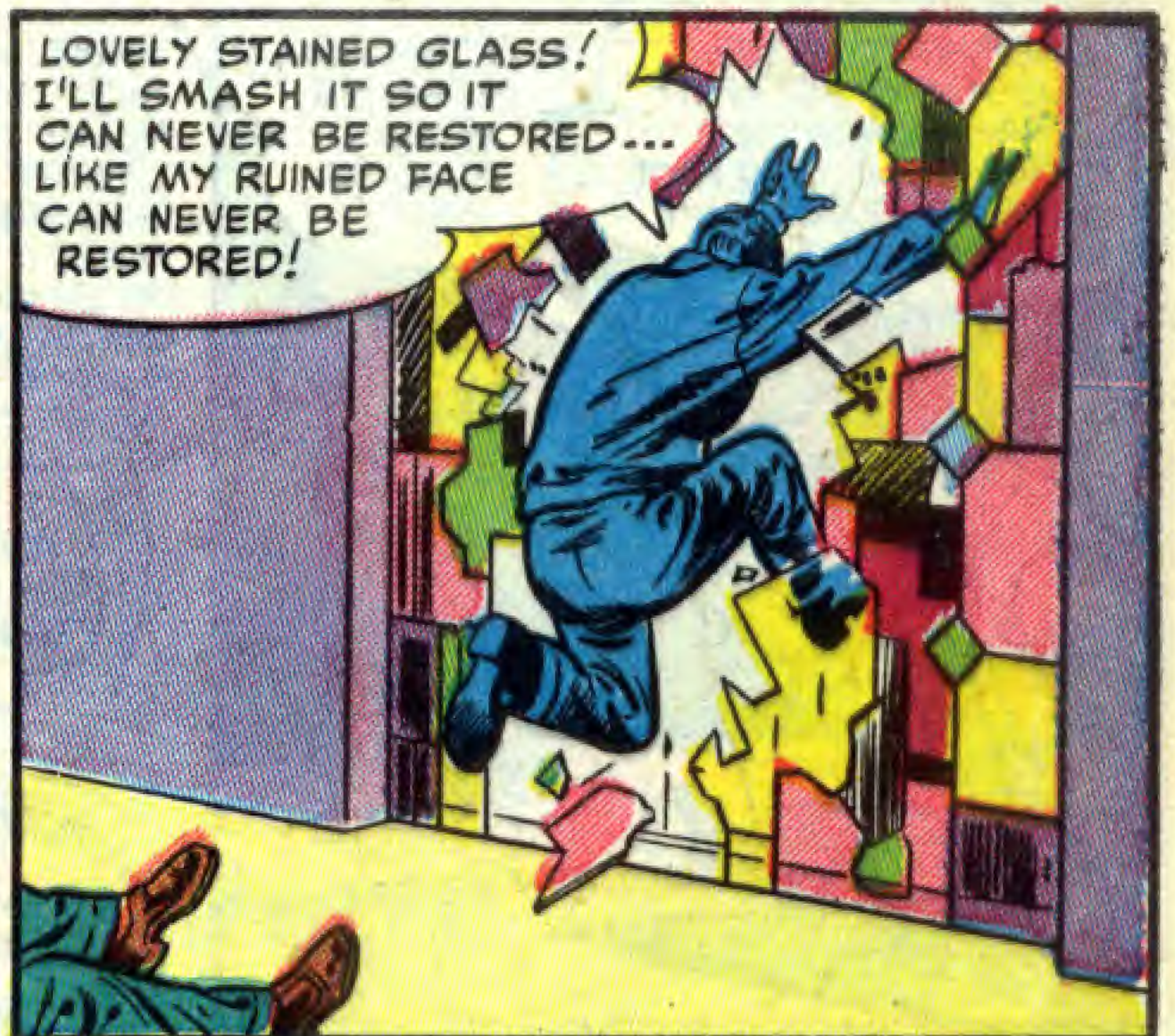
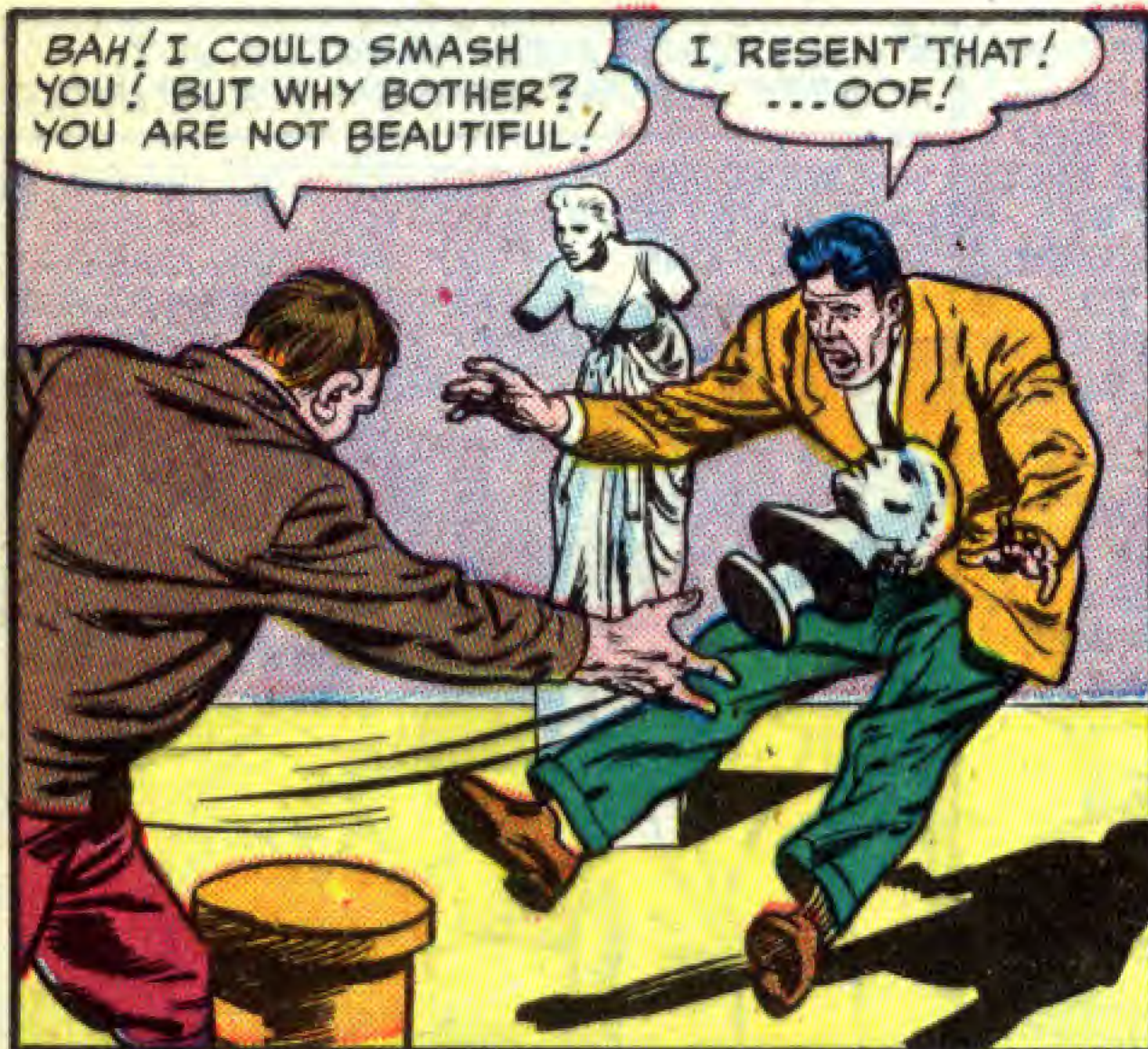
LOOK! TAKE A GOOD LOOK! ARE YOU NOT AFRAID? DOES NOT MY FACE MAKE YOU WANT TO SHRIEK WITH TERROR?



YOU LOVE BEAUTY! BUT I HATE IT! DESTROY BEAUTY! DESTROY IT SO THAT IT IS UGLY LIKE ME!









*The UGLY MAN MADE HEAD-  
LINES AGAIN BEFORE THE  
WEEK WAS OVER...*



*My  
PAL,  
DETECTIVE  
LIEUTENANT  
ART  
CLYDE,  
WAS  
ASSIGNED  
TO THE  
CASE! HE  
WASN'T  
HAPPY  
ABOUT  
IT...*



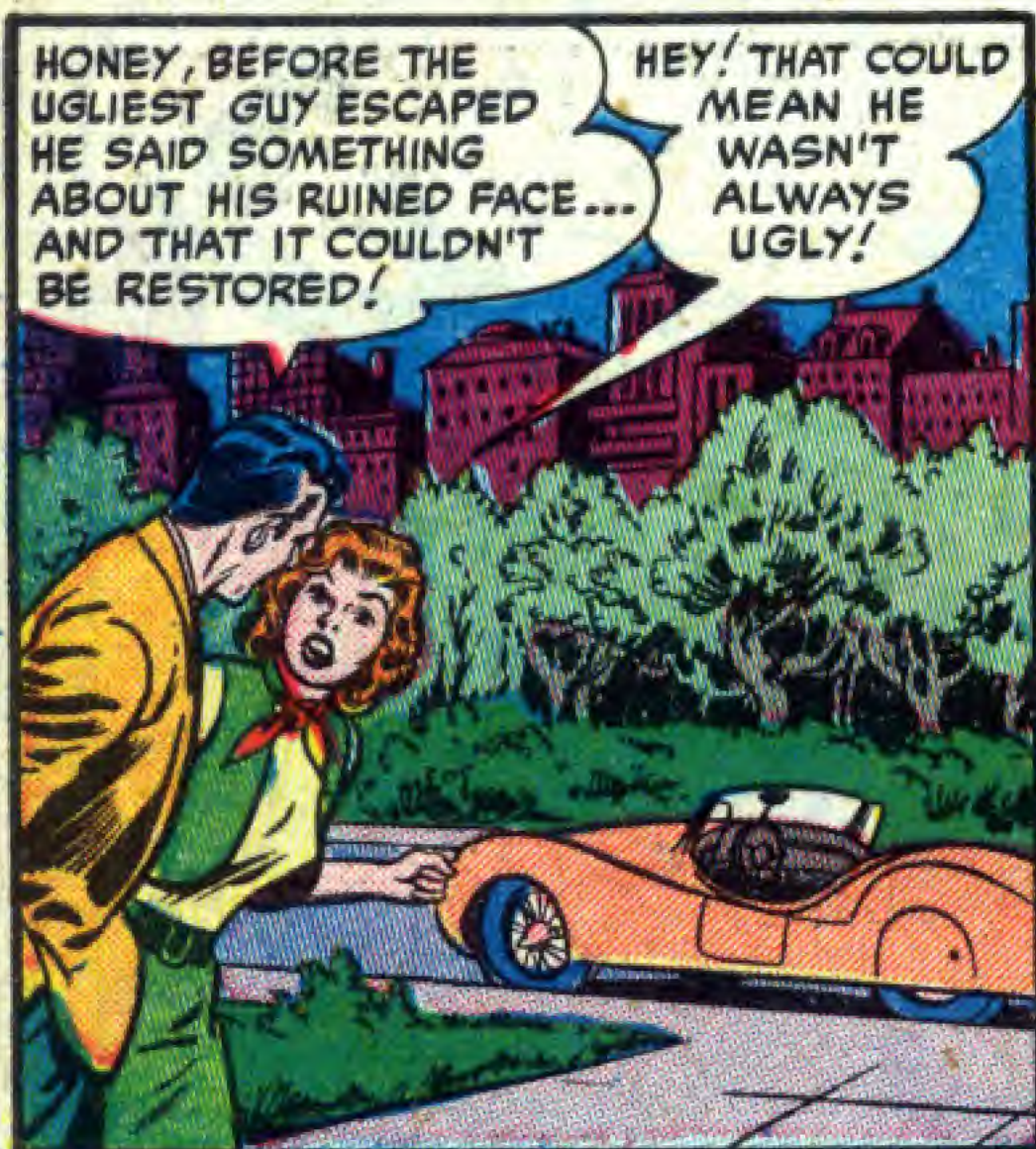
KENNY, I'D RATHER  
TACKLE TRIGGER-  
HAPPY LUGS  
THAN GO AFTER  
A PSYCHOTIC  
NUT!

WHAT A  
TERRIBLE  
WASTE! HE  
SNEAKED IN  
HERE AND  
MADE A PYRE  
OF PRICELESS  
PAINTINGS! NOW  
ONLY THEIR  
ASHES REMAIN!



REMBRANDTS,  
VERMEERS,  
VAN GOGHS,  
MASTERPIECES  
OF ART...  
GONE FOREVER!

A GUY WHO  
HATES  
BEAUTY  
BECAUSE  
HE'S SO  
UGLY! A  
GUY WITH A  
QUIRK LIKE THAT  
HAS GOT TO BE  
COLLARED... BUT  
FAST!



HONEY, BEFORE THE  
UGLIEST GUY ESCAPED  
HE SAID SOMETHING  
ABOUT HIS RUINED FACE...  
AND THAT IT COULDN'T  
BE RESTORED!

HEY! THAT COULD  
MEAN HE  
WASN'T  
ALWAYS  
UGLY!



RIGHT! AND THAT  
ALSO MEANS HE  
MIGHT'VE TRIED  
TO HAVE HIS FACE  
RESTORED BY  
PLASTIC SURGERY!  
I'M GOING TO  
CHECK WITH EVERY  
PLASTIC SURGEON  
IN THE CITY!

I THINK  
YOU'VE HIT  
ON SOME-  
THING HOT,  
KEN!

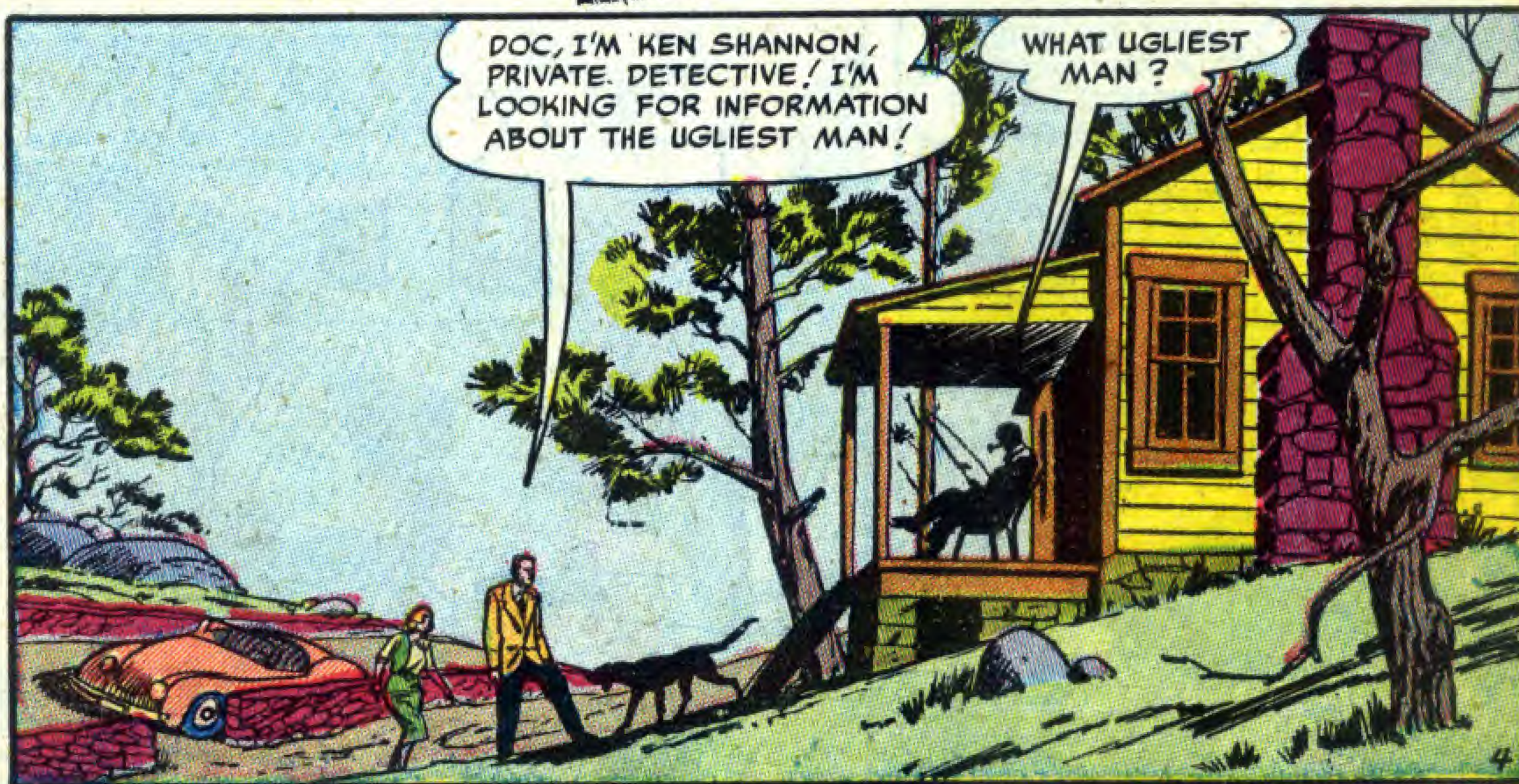


I QUESTIONED EVERY SURGEON, BUT  
NOBODY HAD ANY ANSWERS FOR ME UNTIL...

YOU WERE MY  
LAST HOPE! YOU'RE  
THE ONLY ONE  
LEFT!

THERE'S ONE MORE  
DOCTOR YOU MIGHT  
TRY! DOCTOR MASON  
...HE ONLY RETIRED LAST  
MONTH! I'LL GIVE YOU HIS  
ADDRESS!

*Old  
DOC  
MASON'S  
WAS A  
QUIET  
LITTLE  
SHACK  
GLUED  
TO A  
LONELY  
OLD  
MOUNTAIN!*



DOC, I'M KEN SHANNON,  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE! I'M  
LOOKING FOR INFORMATION  
ABOUT THE UGLIEST MAN!

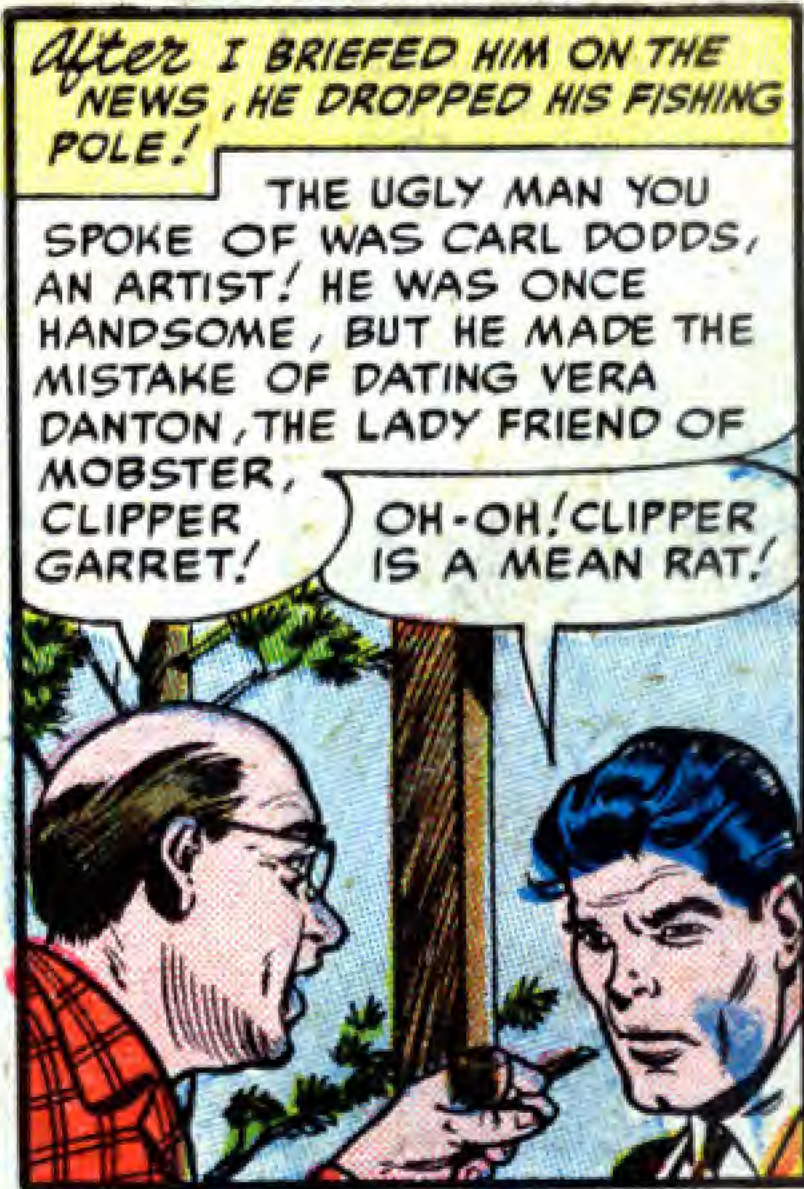
WHAT UGLIEST  
MAN?





DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT HIM IN THE PAPERS?

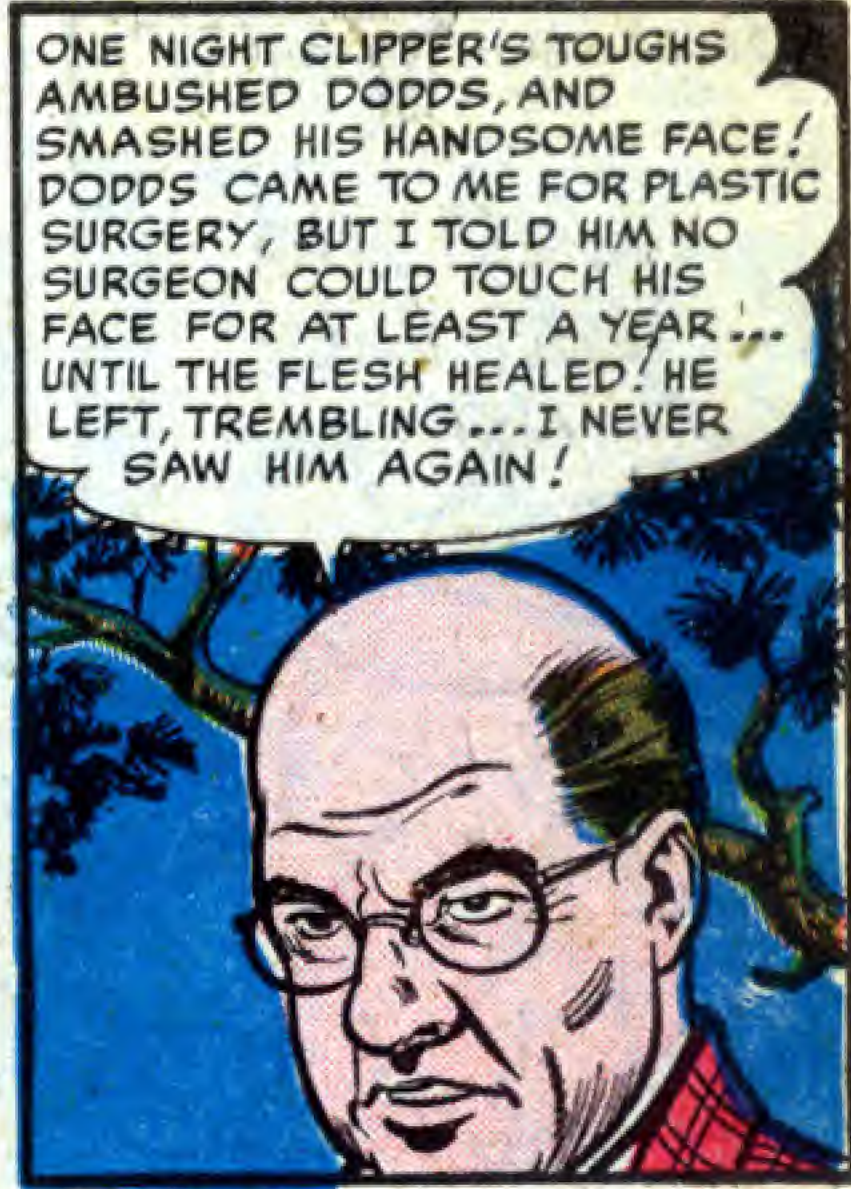
NO! I DON'T READ PAPERS NOW, NOR LISTEN TO THE RADIO! ONE ONLY HEARS BAD NEWS! I INTEND TO LIVE OUT MY DAYS IN PEACE DOING WHAT I LIKE MOST... FISHING!



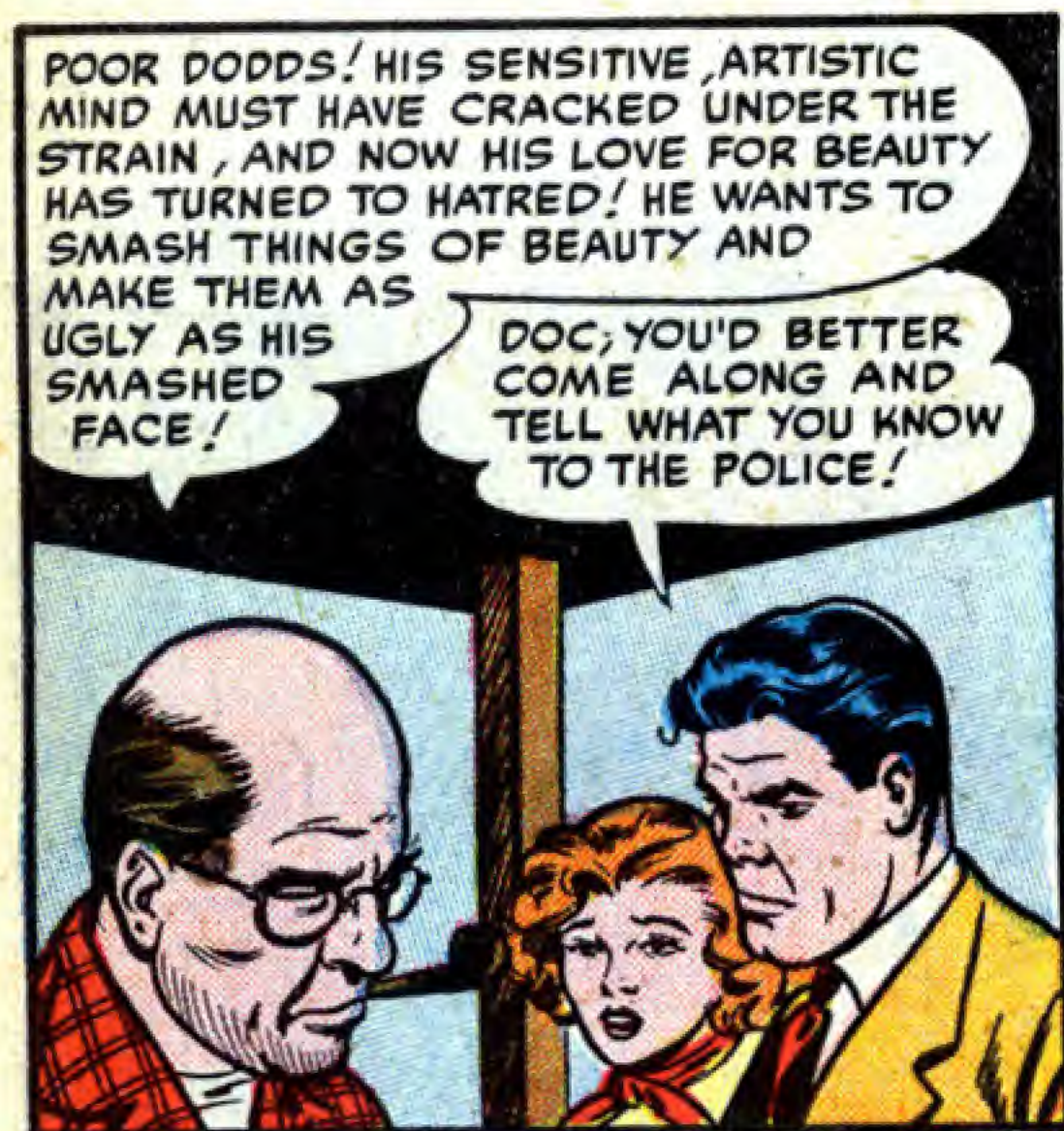
After I BRIEFED HIM ON THE NEWS, HE DROPPED HIS FISHING POLE!

THE UGLY MAN YOU SPOKE OF WAS CARL DODDS, AN ARTIST! HE WAS ONCE HANDSOME, BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF DATING VERA DANTON, THE LADY FRIEND OF MOBSTER, CLIPPER GARRET!

OH-OH! CLIPPER IS A MEAN RAT!



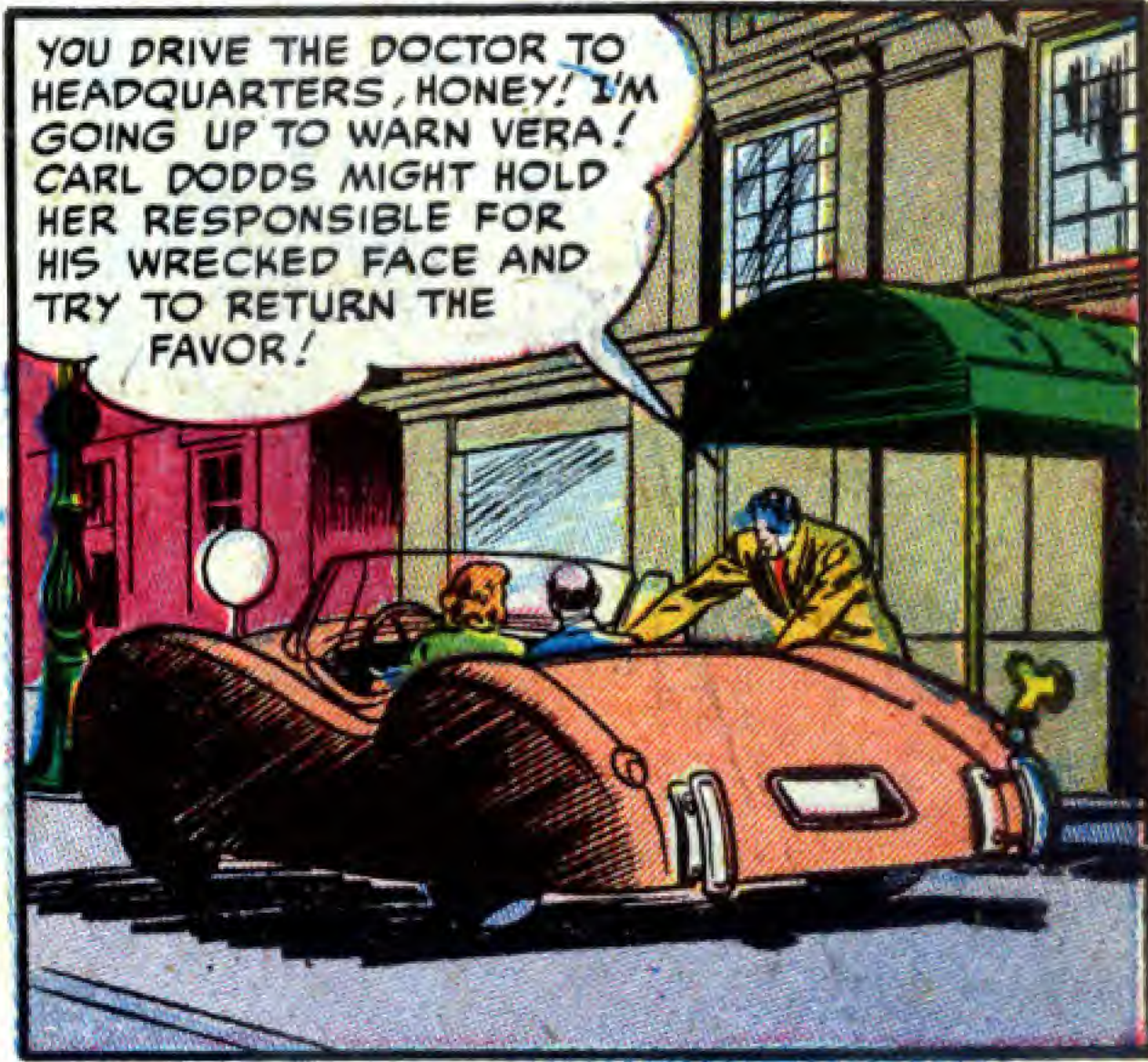
ONE NIGHT CLIPPER'S TOUGHS AMBUSHED DODDS, AND SMASHED HIS HANDSOME FACE! DODDS CAME TO ME FOR PLASTIC SURGERY, BUT I TOLD HIM NO SURGEON COULD TOUCH HIS FACE FOR AT LEAST A YEAR... UNTIL THE FLESH HEALED! HE LEFT, TREMBLING... I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN!



POOR DODDS! HIS SENSITIVE, ARTISTIC MIND MUST HAVE CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN, AND NOW HIS LOVE FOR BEAUTY HAS TURNED TO HATRED! HE WANTS TO SMASH THINGS OF BEAUTY AND MAKE THEM AS UGLY AS HIS SMASHED FACE!

DOC, YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG AND TELL WHAT YOU KNOW TO THE POLICE!

When WE HIT THE CITY, I GOT OUT BEFORE THE TALL HOSTELRY WHERE CLIPPER GARRET PAID THE RENT FOR VERA DANTON'S PENT-HOUSE SUITE!



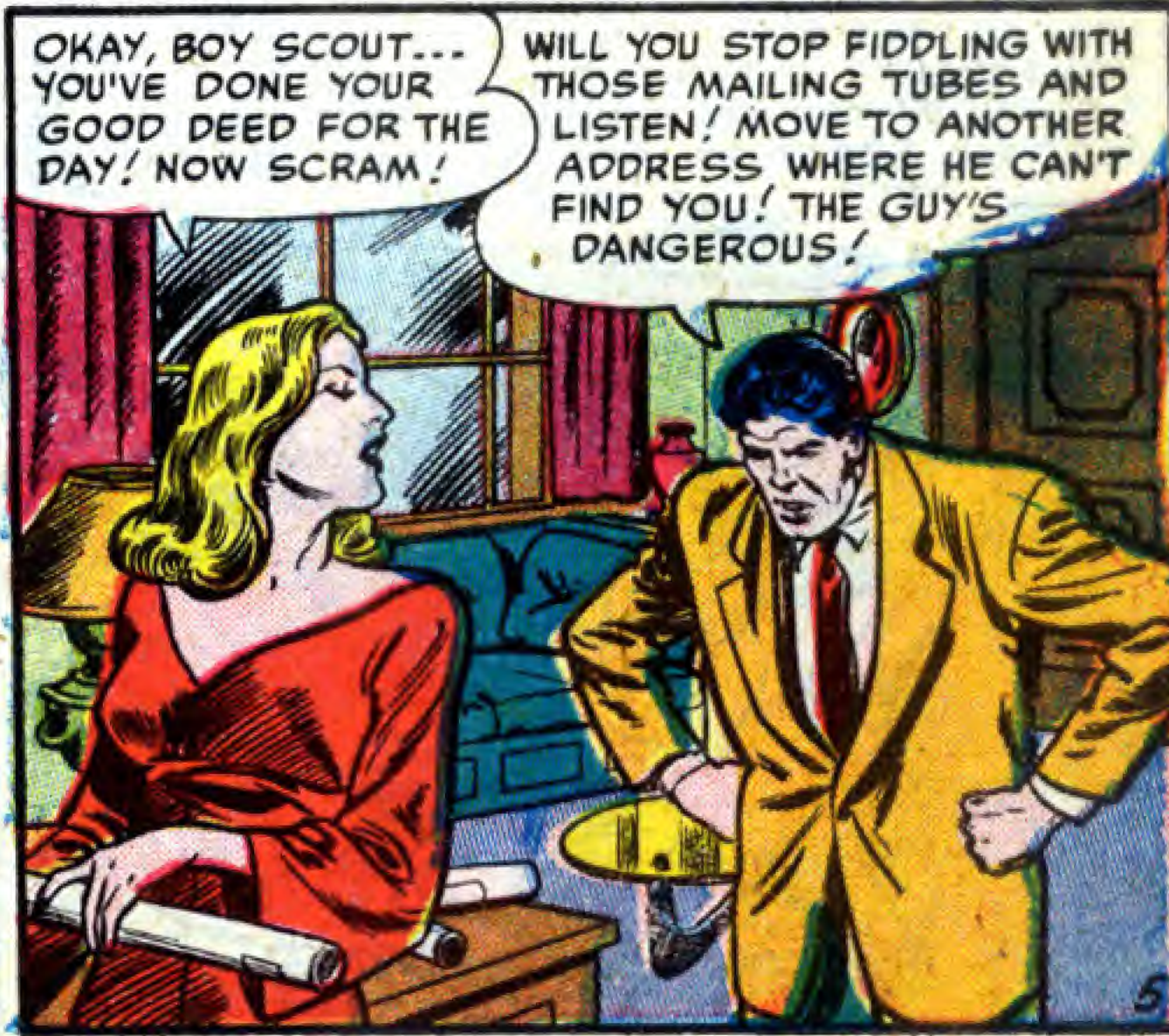
YOU DRIVE THE DOCTOR TO HEADQUARTERS, HONEY! I'M GOING UP TO WARN VERA! CARL DODDS MIGHT HOLD HER RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS WRECKED FACE AND TRY TO RETURN THE FAVOR!



I RANG VERA'S BELL AND BARGED RIGHT IN! THIS WAS NO TIME FOR POLITE CHIT-CHAT...

KEN SHANNON! HEY... WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THE IDEA IS THAT YOU MAY BE MURDERED! I CAME TO WARN YOU! I JUST FOUND OUT THE UGLY MAN YOU'VE BEEN READING ABOUT, IS YOUR OLD FLAME, CARL DODDS!



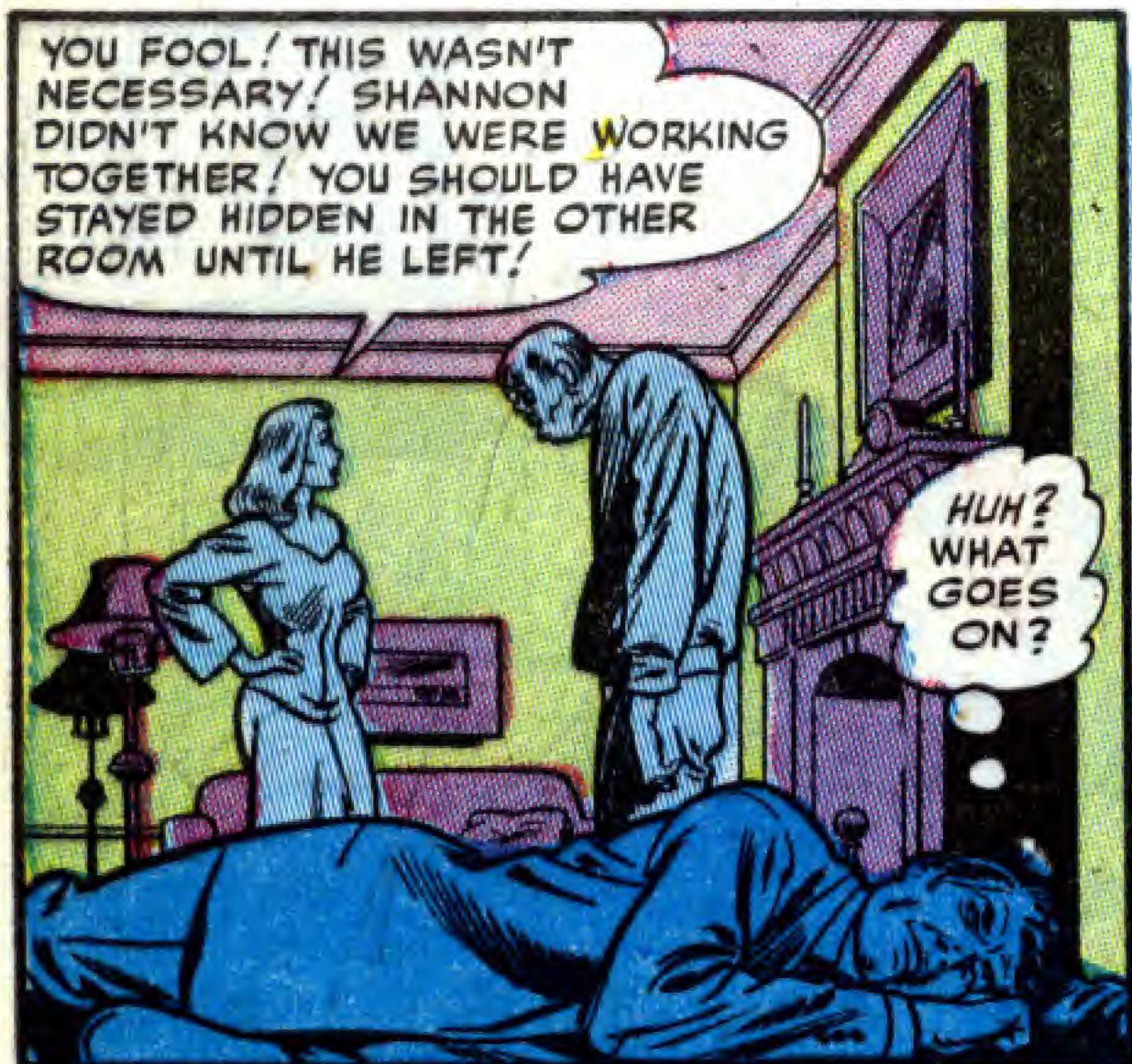
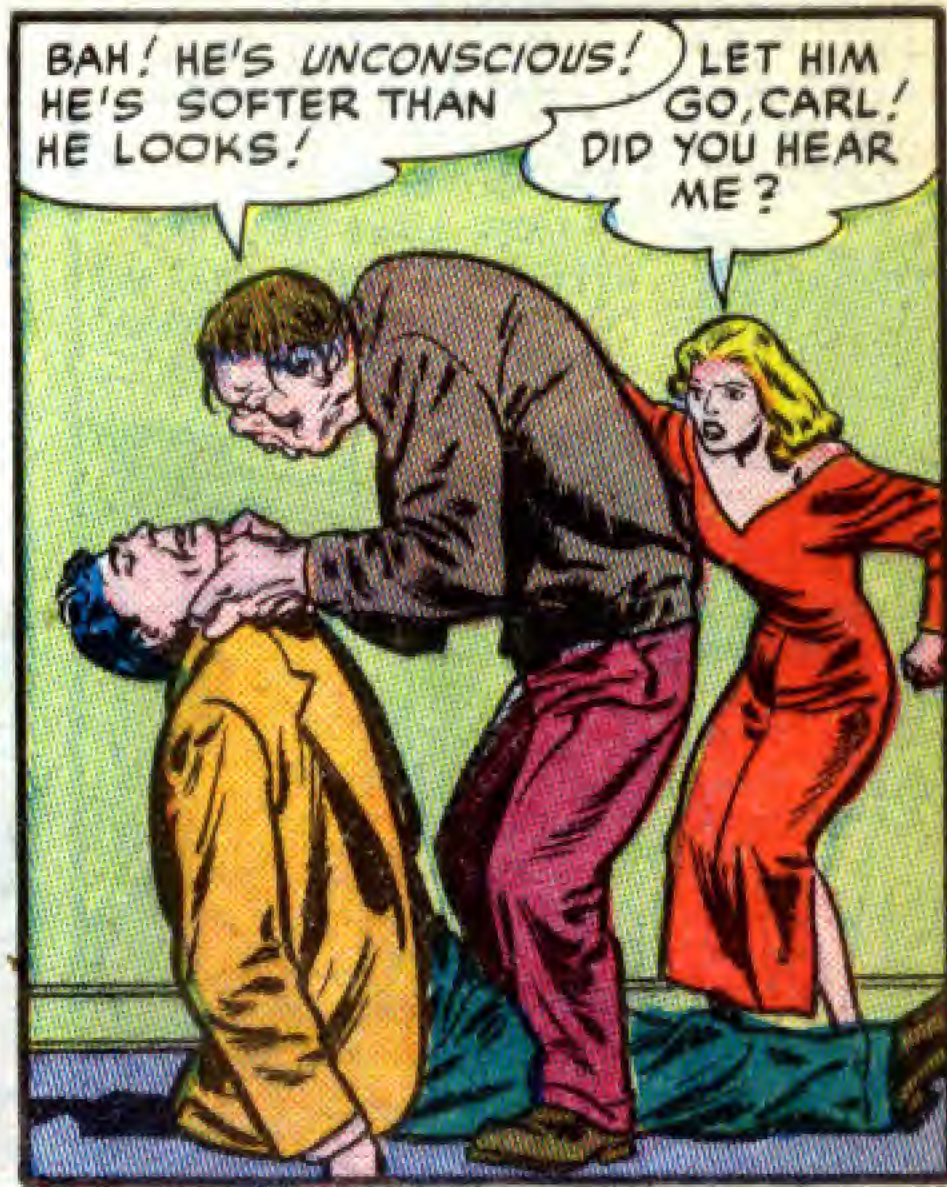
OKAY, BOY SCOUT... YOU'VE DONE YOUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY! NOW SCRAM!

WILL YOU STOP FIDDLING WITH THOSE MAILING TUBES AND LISTEN! MOVE TO ANOTHER ADDRESS WHERE HE CAN'T FIND YOU! THE GUYS DANGEROUS!

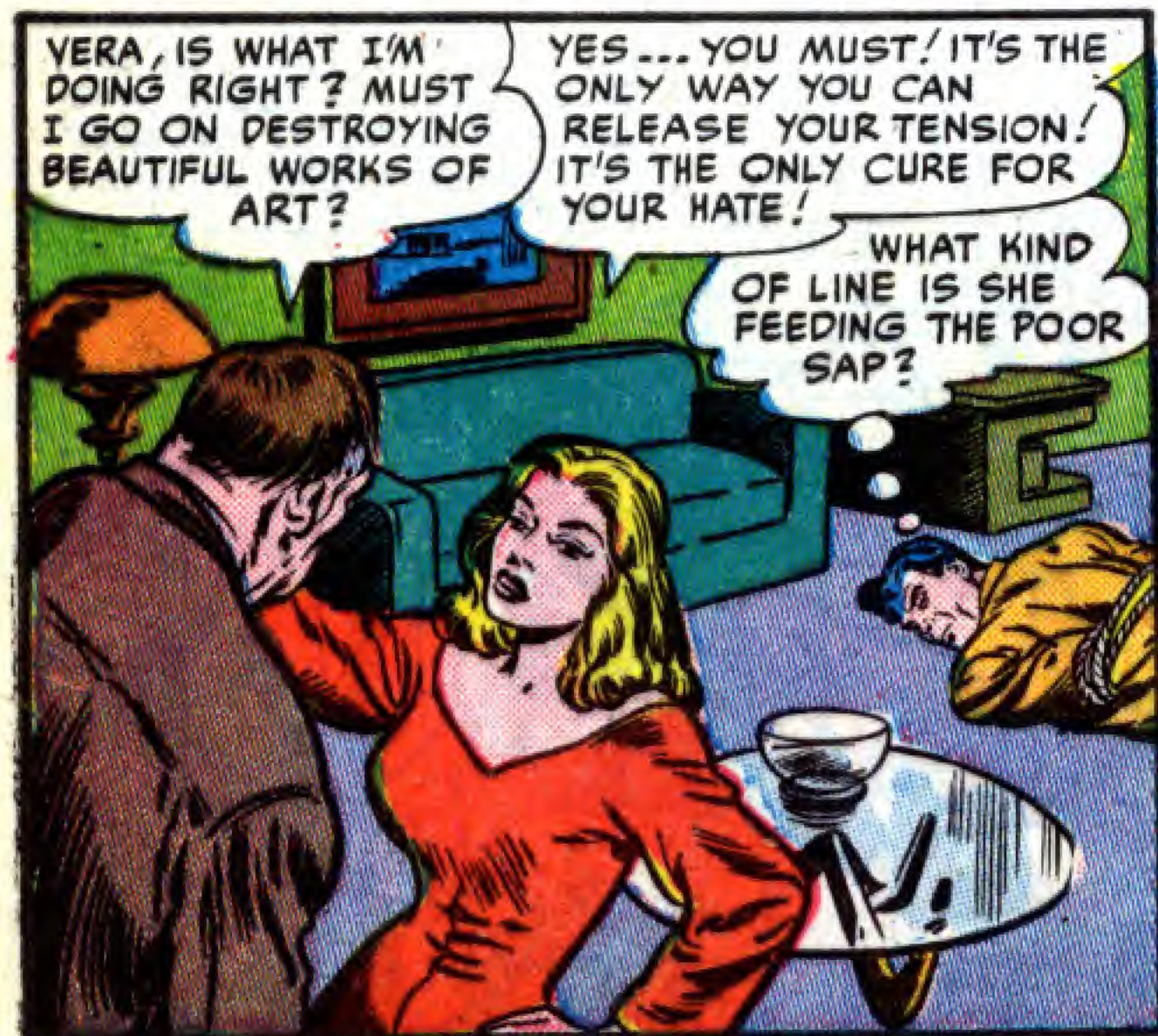




I WAS GOING FAST! I GOT THE IDEA THAT MAYBE I COULD TRICK HIM BY PLAYING POSSUM! I LET MY MUSCLES GO LAX!



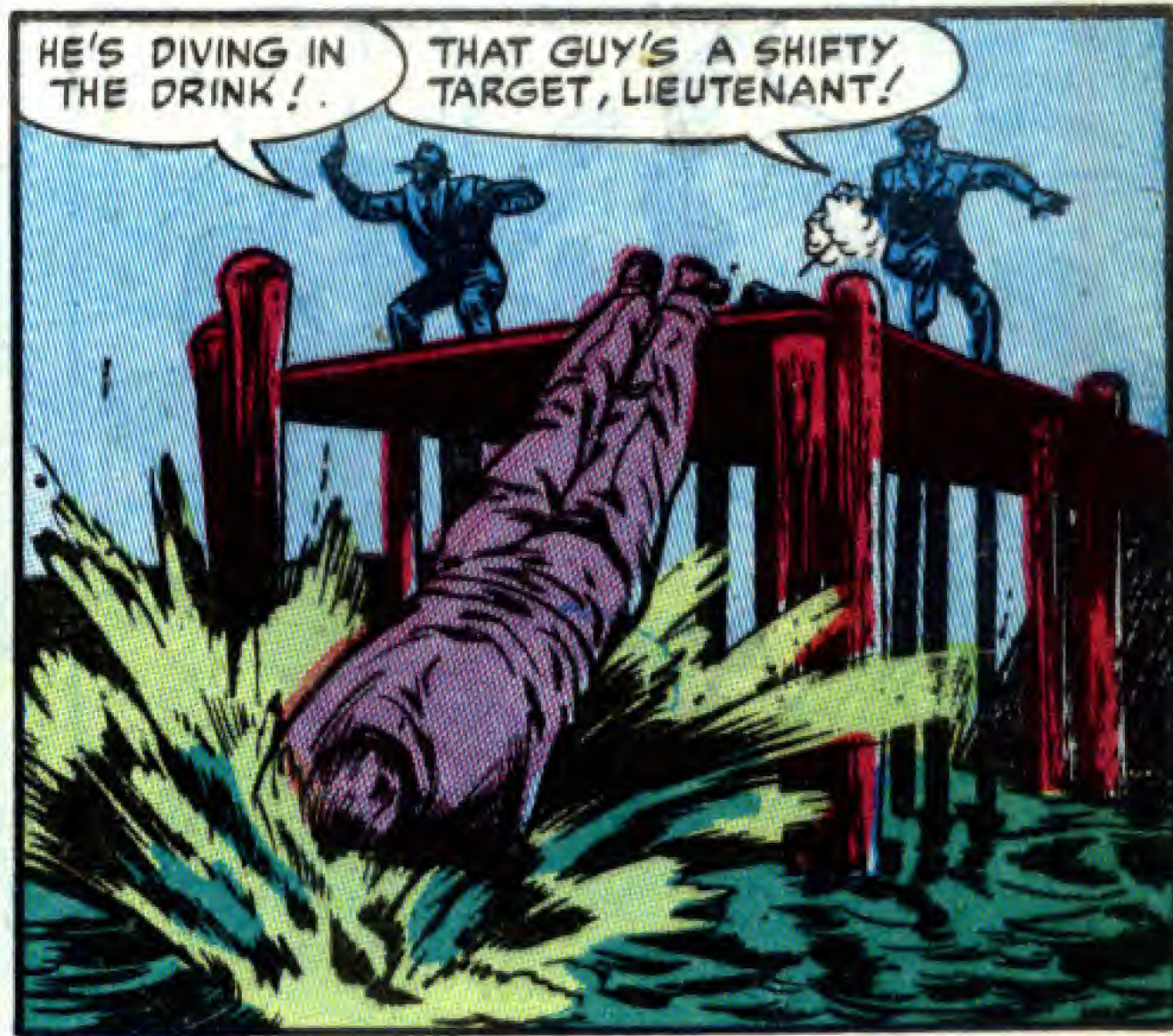
I WAS STILL TOO DAZED TO RESIST AS DODDS BENT OVER ME WITH SOME STRONG ROPE!



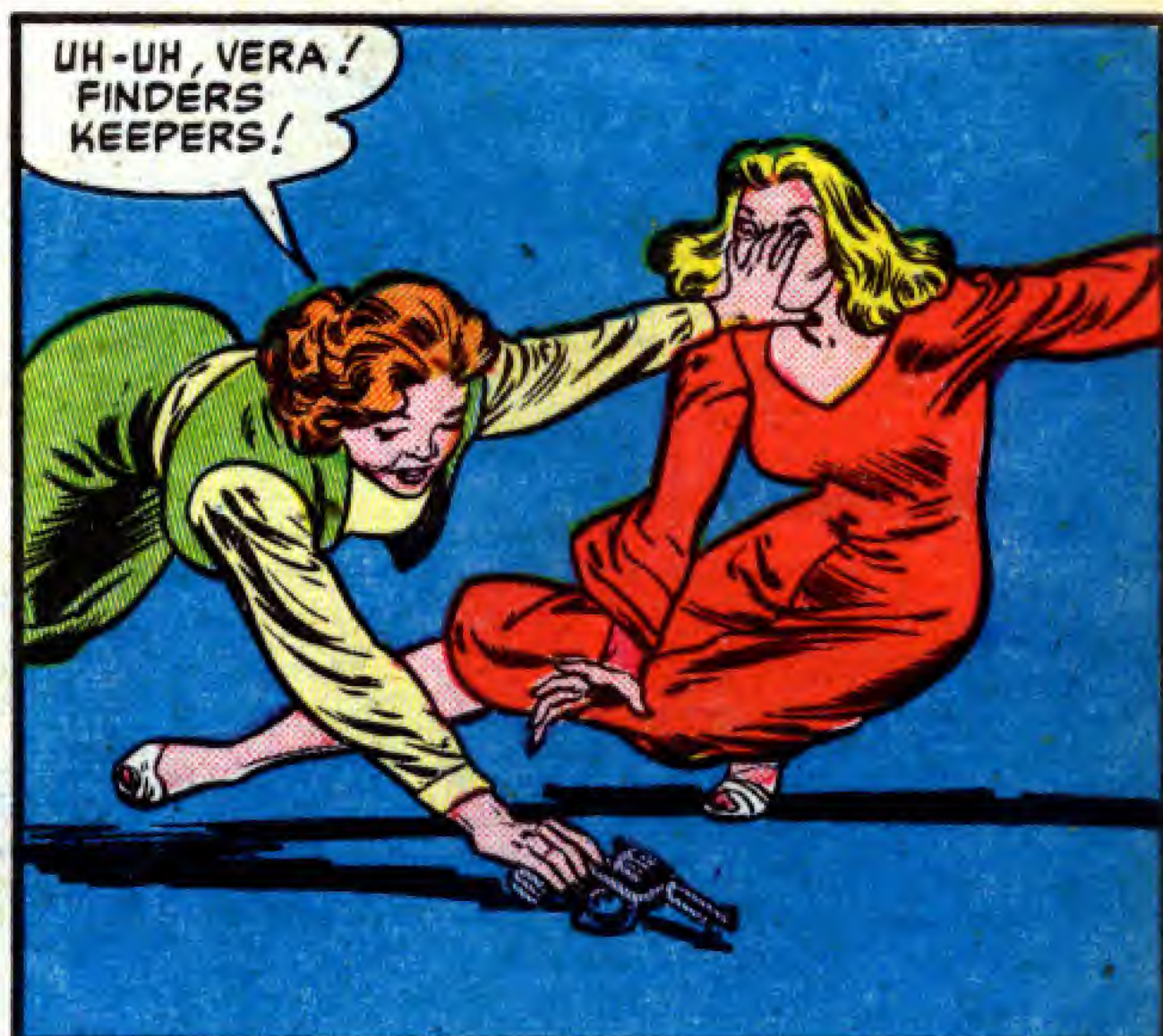
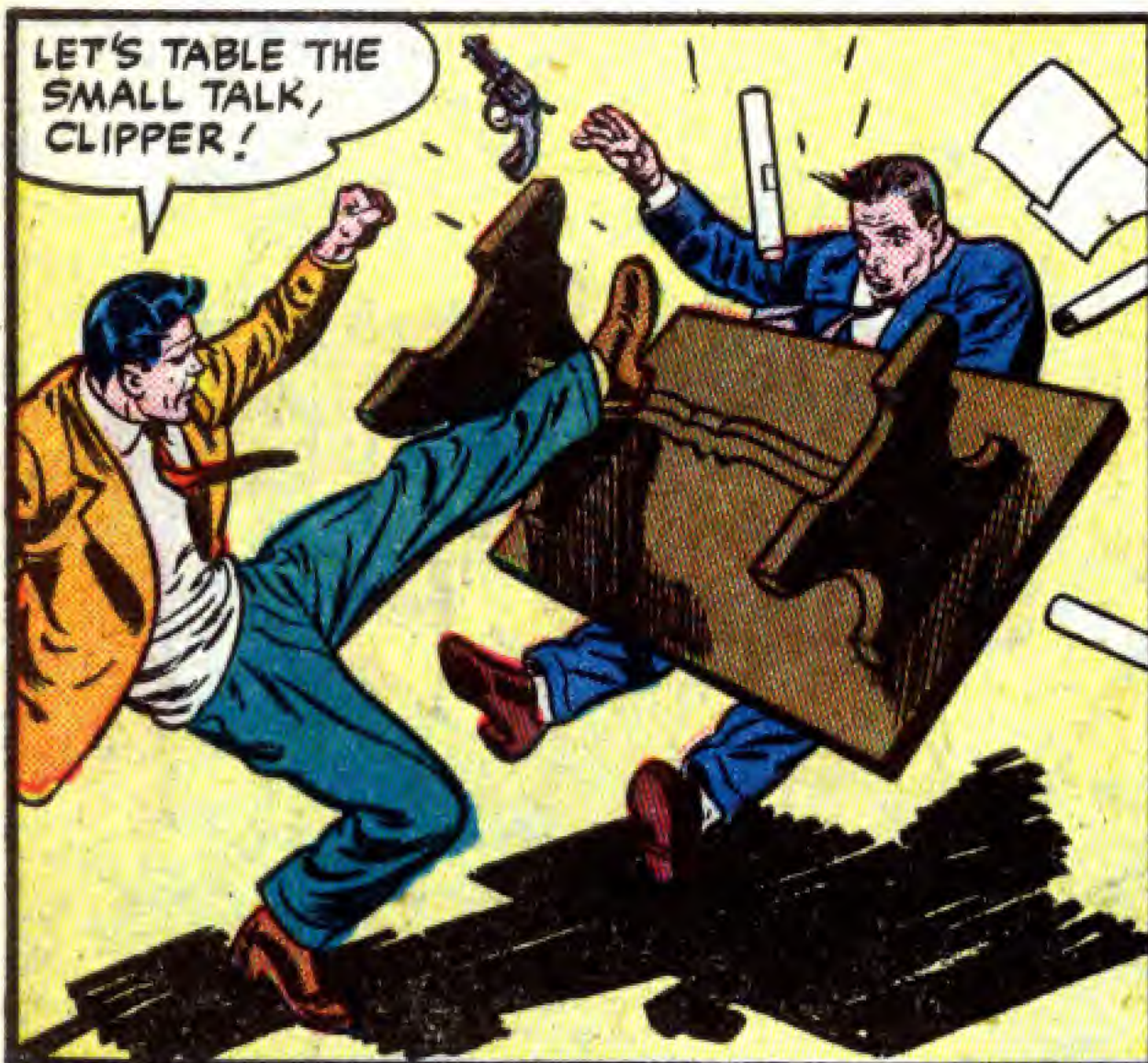




Ten MINUTES LATER, WE REACHED THE RIVER-FRONT! IT WAS AS CLOSE AS I'LL EVER COME TO BEING A WET CORPSE!









YOU ORDERED DODDS TO BURN A PYRE OF PAINTINGS! AND THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR WOULDN'T KNOW FROM THE PILE OF ASHES THAT DODDS HAD TAKEN THREE PAINTINGS FOR YOU... THREE SOUVENIRS!



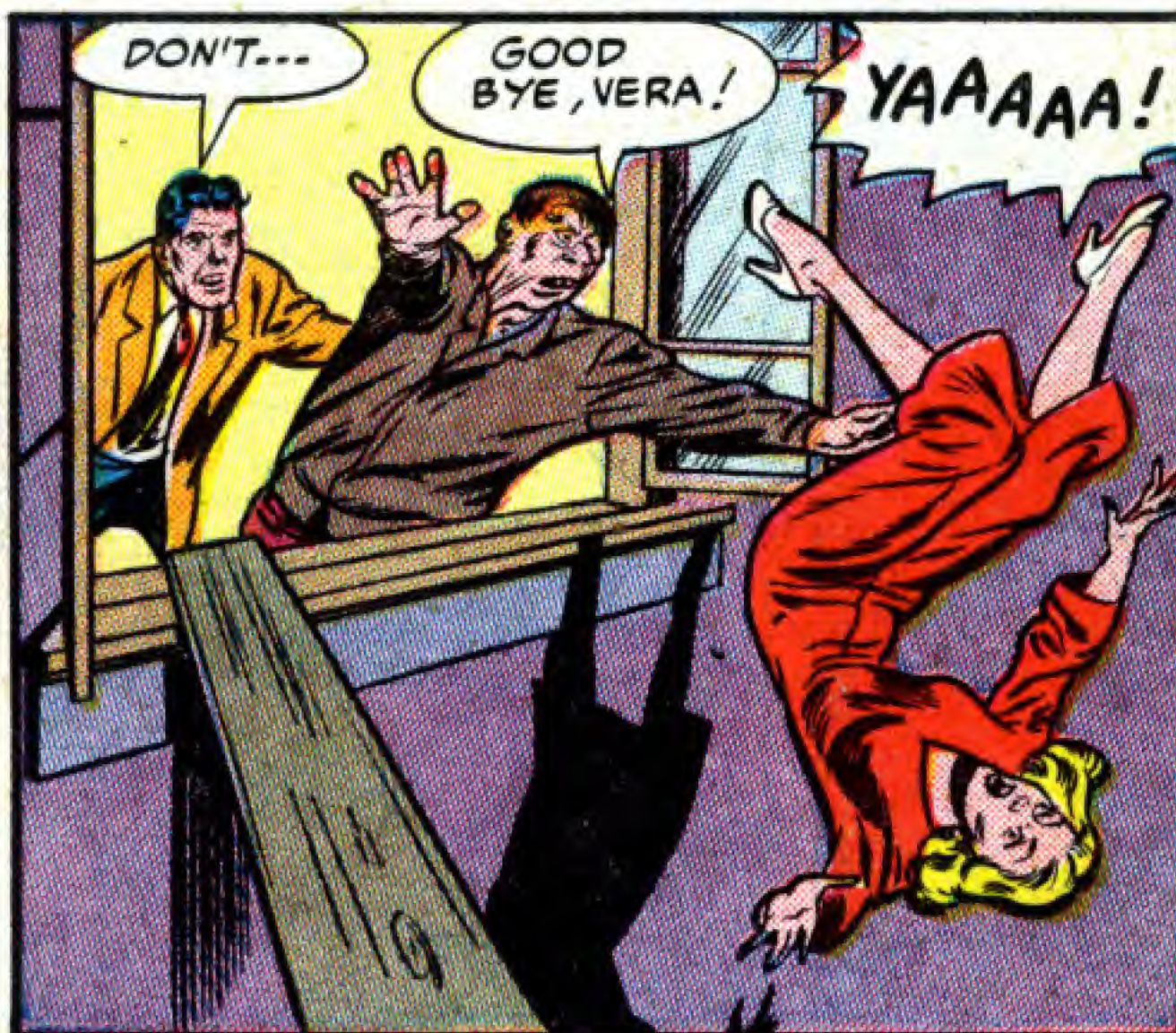
ONCE YOU HAD THE PAINTINGS, YOU WANTED TO GET RID OF DODDS, SO YOU TIPPED THE POLICE AND FIGURED THEY'D DO THE JOB FOR YOU!



YOU MADE A FOOL OF ME, VERA! I HEARD EVERYTHING OUTSIDE! I KNEW ONLY YOU COULD HAVE SENT THE POLICE TO THE RIVER!



SAW THE THREAT IN HIS CRAZED EYES... BUT I WAS A SPLIT-SECOND TOO LATE!

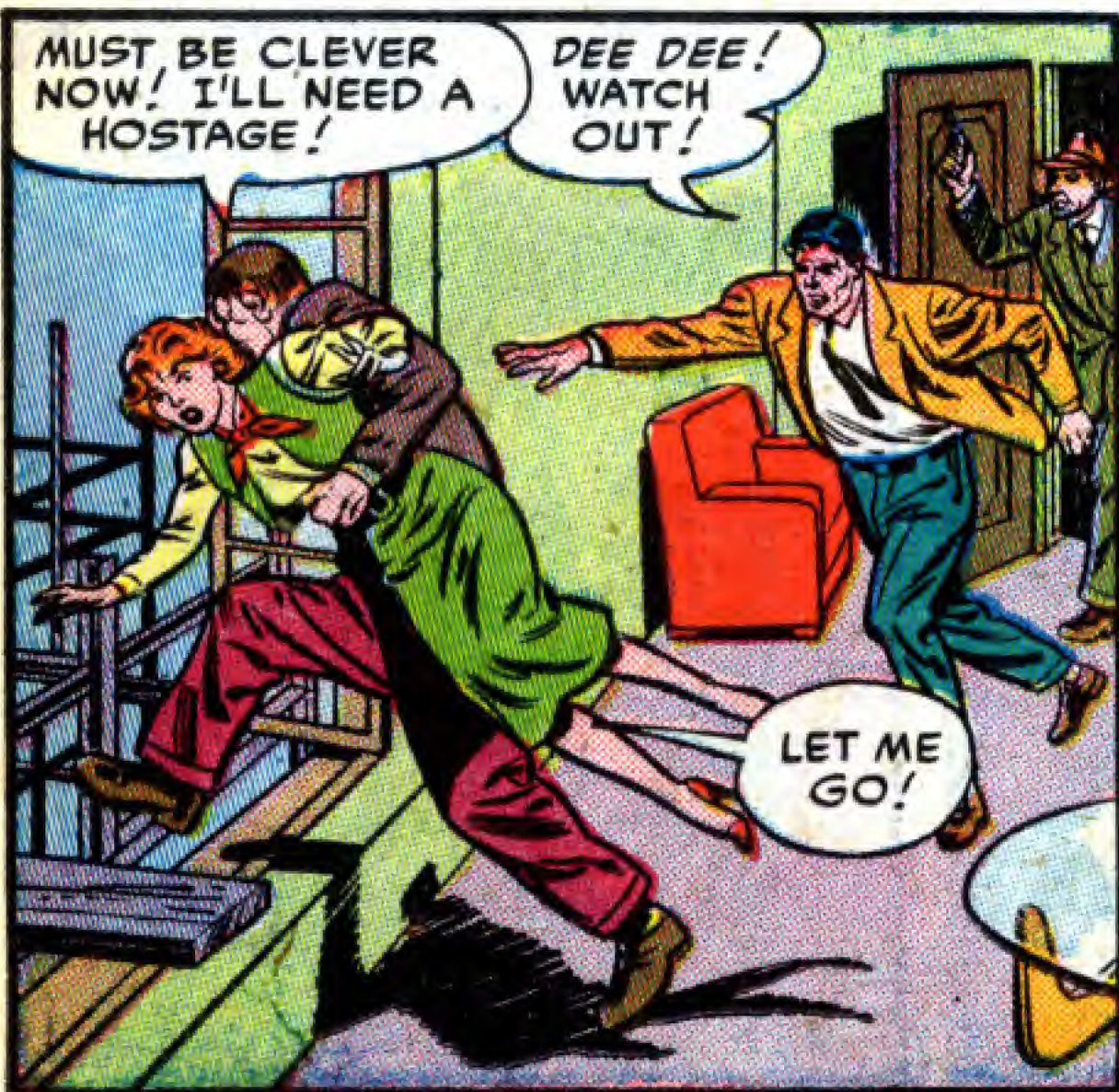


Then AN ELEVATOR DOOR BANGED OPEN! FEET SLAMMED DOWN THE CORRIDOR!



MUST BE CLEVER NOW! I'LL NEED A HOSTAGE!

DEE DEE! WATCH OUT!



LET ME GO!

DON'T SHOOT, ART! HE'S GOT DEE DEE! IF HE FALLS, SHE'LL DROP WITH HIM!

JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!





I'll NEVER FORGET THAT WILD NIGHT! I CAN STILL SEE DODDS LOOMING ON THE ROOF, HUNCHED THERE LIKE SOME MONSTROUS GARGOYLE!

ALL OF YOU...STAY BACK!  
IF YOU TRY TO TAKE ME I'LL  
DROP THE GIRL!



WE'VE GOT TO  
TALK SENSE INTO  
HIM! DOCTOR  
MASON MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO DO  
IT!

GET DOC  
MASON UP  
HERE! HE'S  
DOWN IN THE  
SQUAD CAR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE OLD DOC AND I STARTED  
UP THE IRON LADDER...

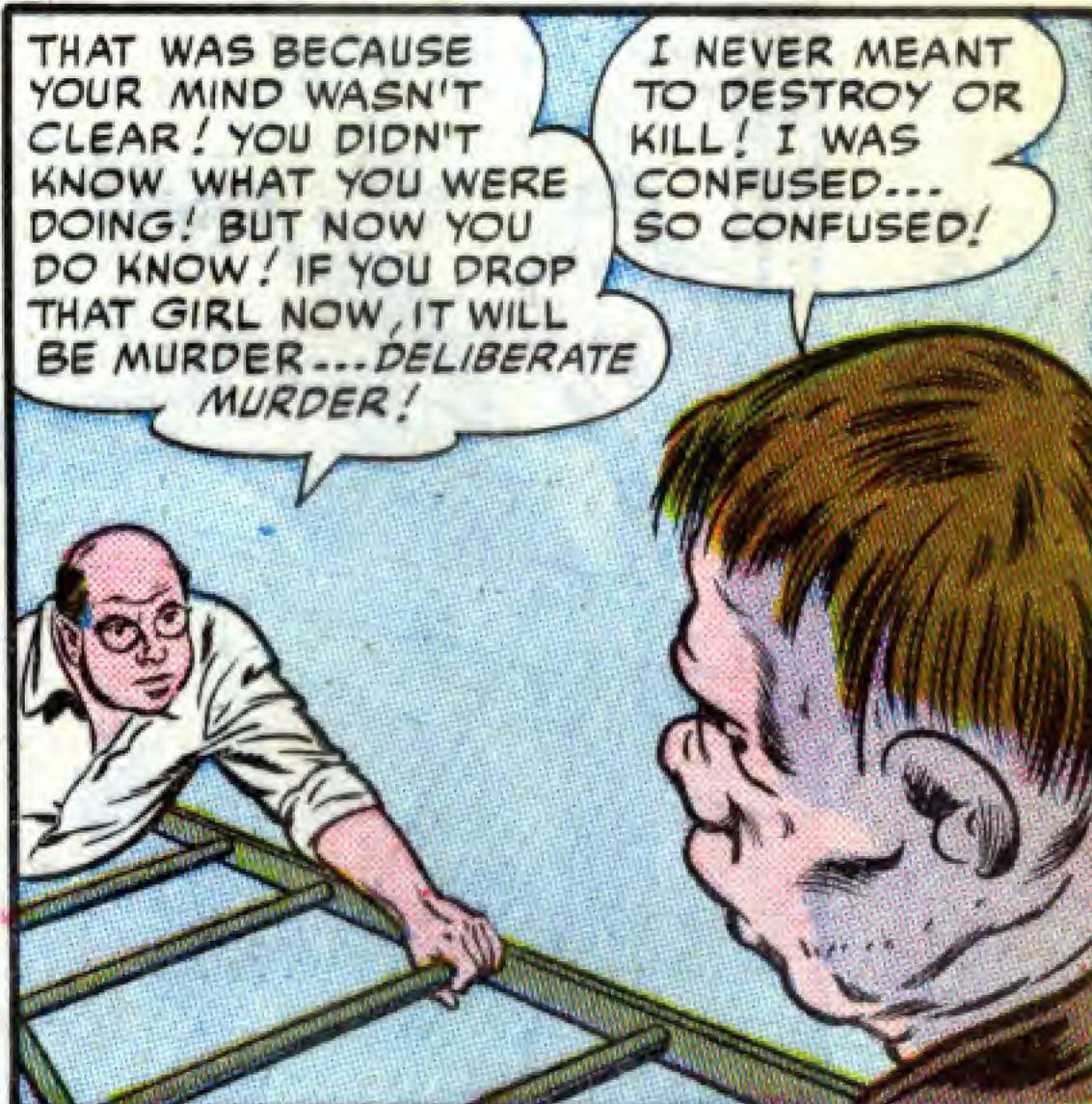
CARL DODDS...  
YOU KNOW ME!  
I'M YOUR FRIEND...  
DOCTOR MASON!  
I WANT TO HELP  
YOU!

GO BACK,  
DOCTOR!  
NOBODY CAN  
HELP ME! IT'S  
TOO LATE!  
I'VE DESTROYED...  
KILLED!



THAT WAS BECAUSE  
YOUR MIND WASN'T  
CLEAR! YOU DIDN'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU WERE  
DOING! BUT NOW YOU  
DO KNOW! IF YOU DROP  
THAT GIRL NOW, IT WILL  
BE MURDER... DELIBERATE  
MURDER!

I NEVER MEANT  
TO DESTROY OR  
KILL! I WAS  
CONFUSED...  
SO CONFUSED!



Then DODDS PLACED DEE DEE DOWN! THERE WAS A STRANGE TENDERNESS ON HIS INCREDIBLY UGLY FACE! AND ABRUPTLY.. HE TURNED AND JUMPED!

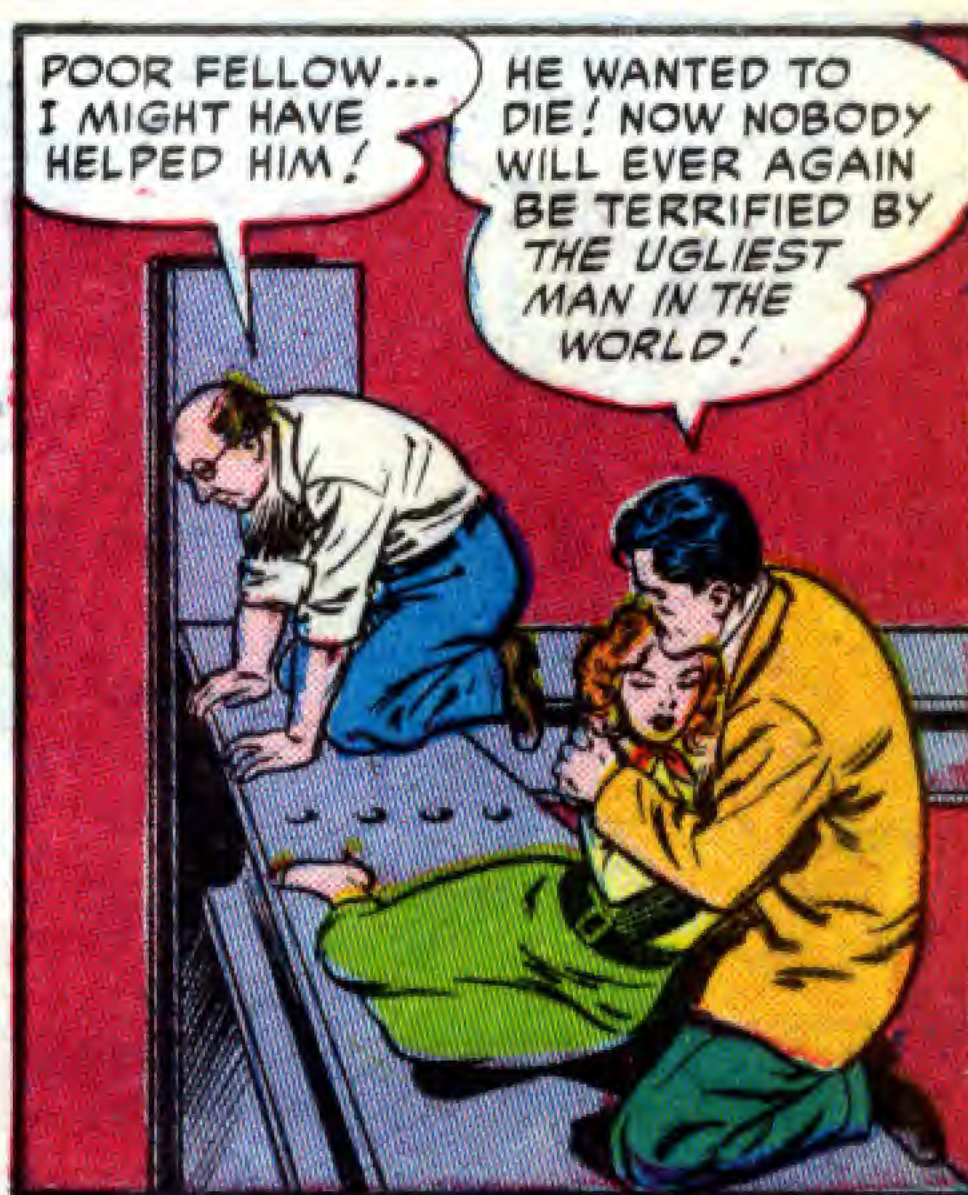
TRY NOT TO THINK  
TOO HARSHLY OF  
ME! GOOD BYE!

NO! DODDS! WAIT!  
THAT'S NOT THE  
SOLUTION!



POOR FELLOW...  
I MIGHT HAVE  
HELPED HIM!

HE WANTED TO  
DIE! NOW NOBODY  
WILL EVER AGAIN  
BE TERRIFIED BY  
THE UGLIEST  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD!

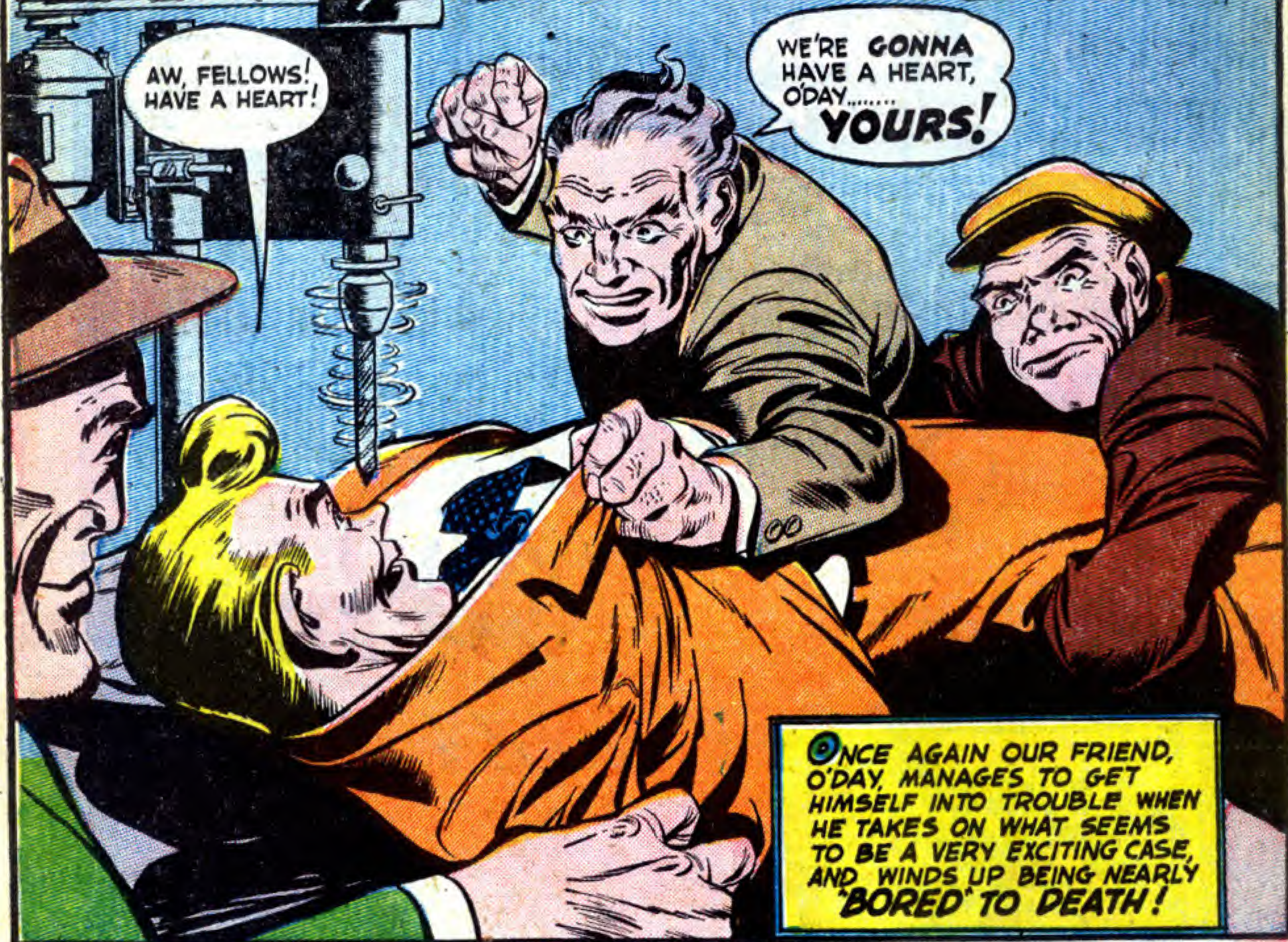








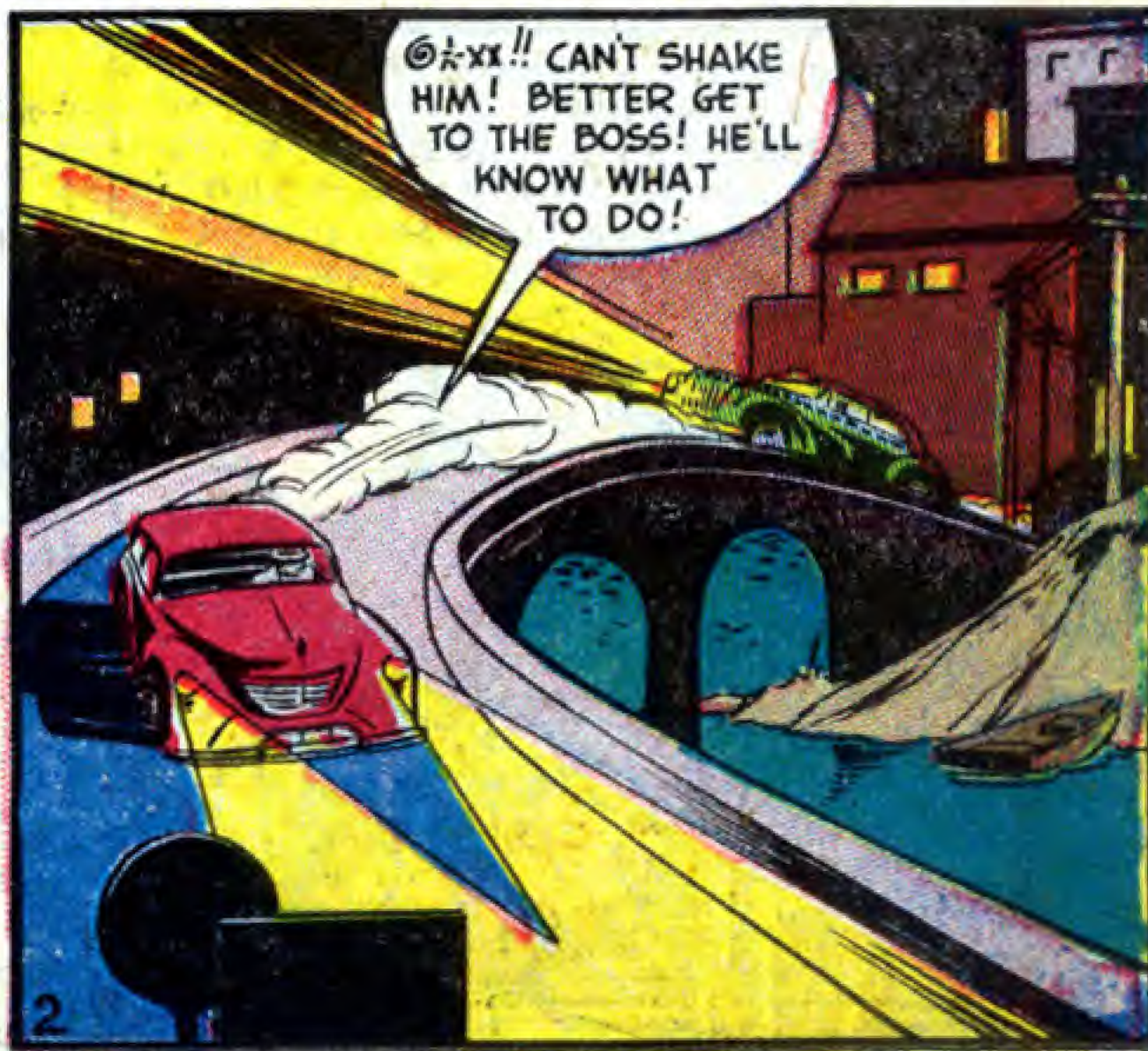
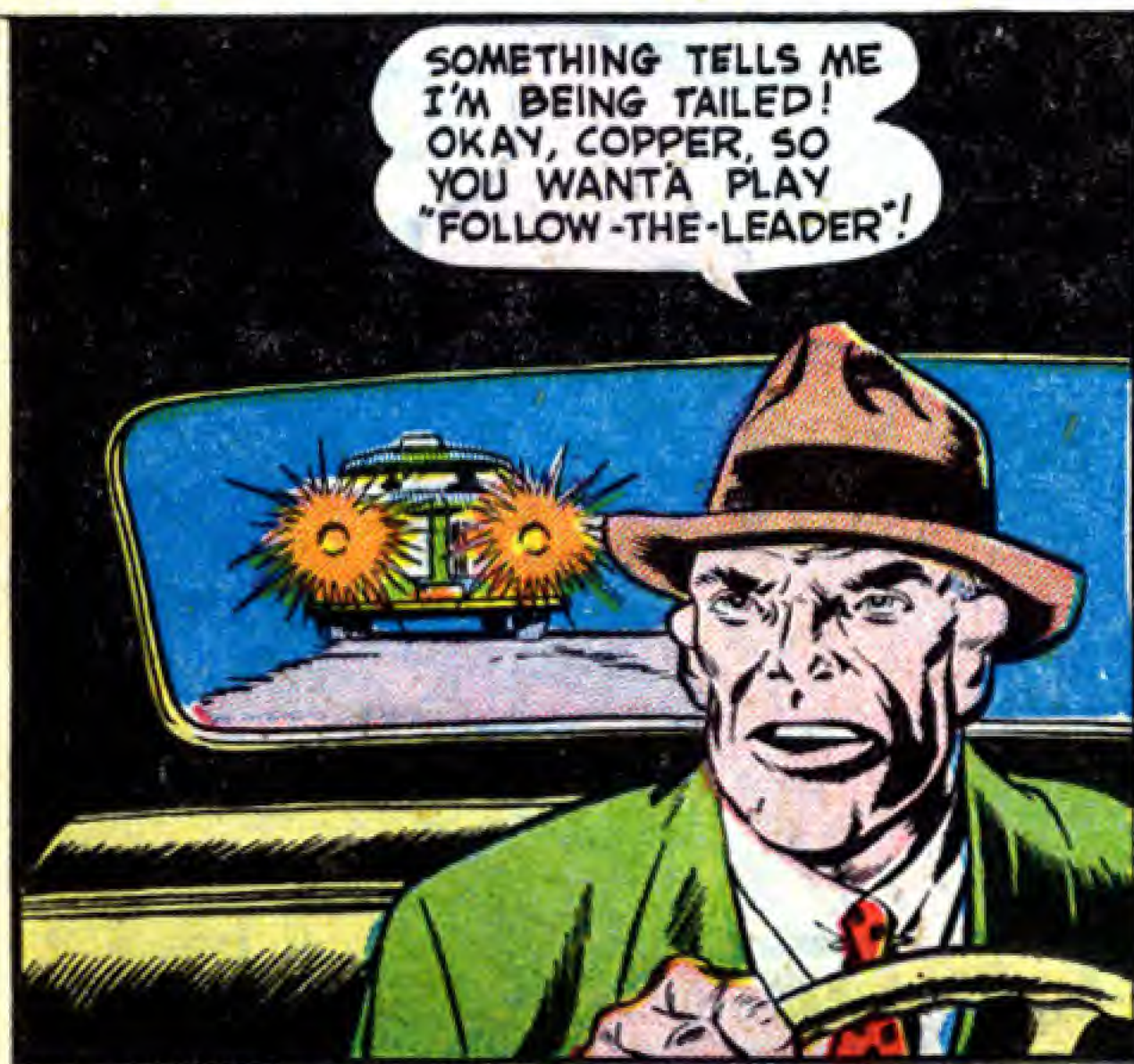
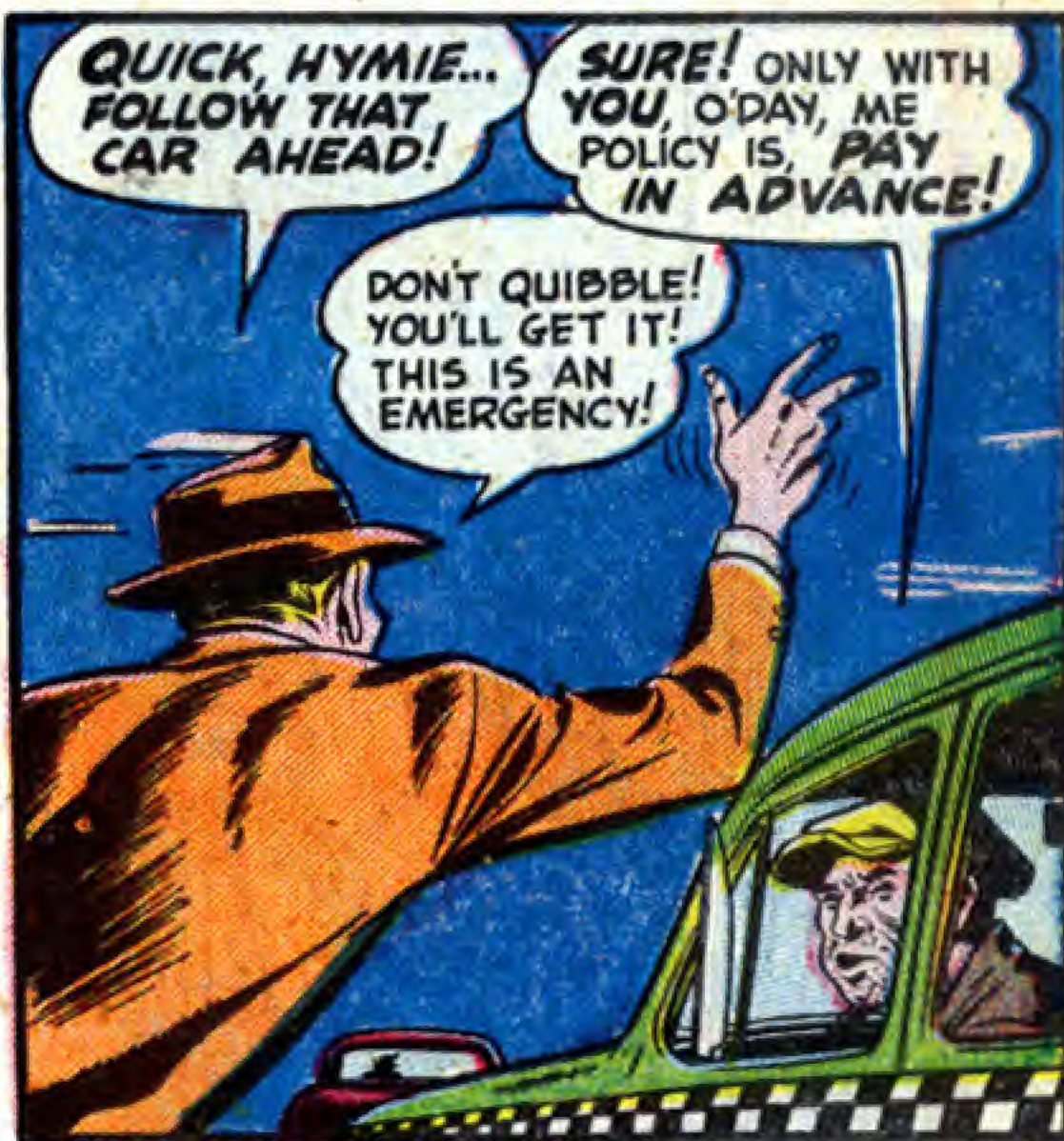
# ANGLES O'DAY



ONCE AGAIN OUR FRIEND, O'DAY, MANAGES TO GET HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE WHEN HE TAKES ON WHAT SEEMS TO BE A VERY EXCITING CASE, AND WINDS UP BEING NEARLY **'BORED' TO DEATH!**









KEN SHANNON



FALLON! THE DICKS ARE ON US! I'VE BEEN ZIG-ZAGGIN' ALL OVER TOWN, TRYING TO LOSE THEM, BUT —

OF ALL THE STUPID —!!



...SO YOU LED THEM STRAIGHT TO OUR HIDE-OUT! SWELL! **JUST SWELL!** DOUSE THE LIGHTS, LUNK-HEAD! THINGS ARE GOING TO GET **MESSY!**

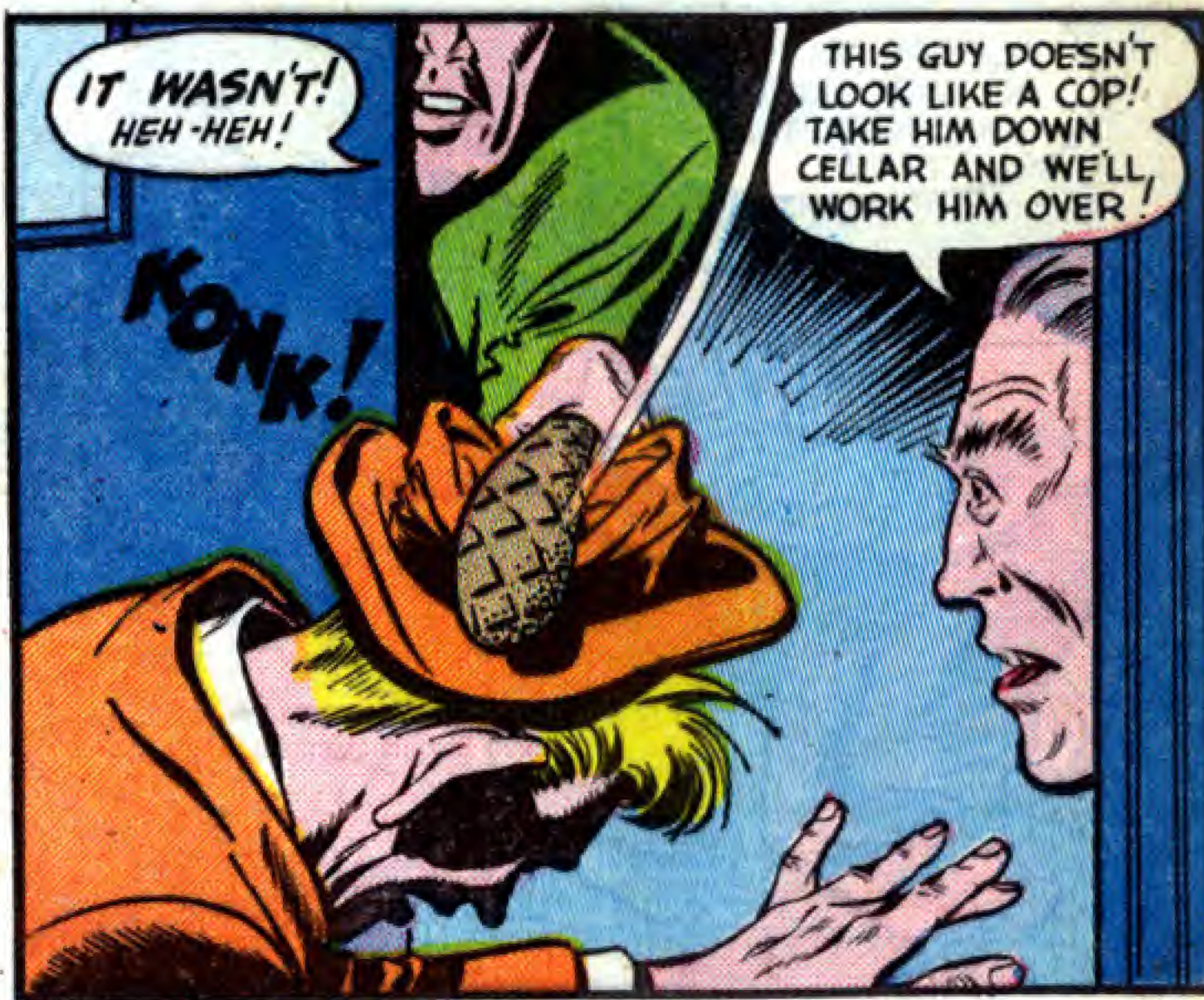


THAT'S THE CAR, ALLRIGHT! WAIT HERE, HYMIE!

ALL I SAY IS, THERE BETTER BE A BIG REWARD FOR THIS JOB! YOU'RE GONNA **NEED IT**, FOR **CAB FARE!**



THE DOOR'S AJAR! THAT WAS MIGHTY NICE OF THEM — OR **WAS IT?**



IT WASN'T! HEH-HEH!

KONK!

THIS GUY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A COP! TAKE HIM DOWN CELLAR AND WE'LL WORK HIM OVER!

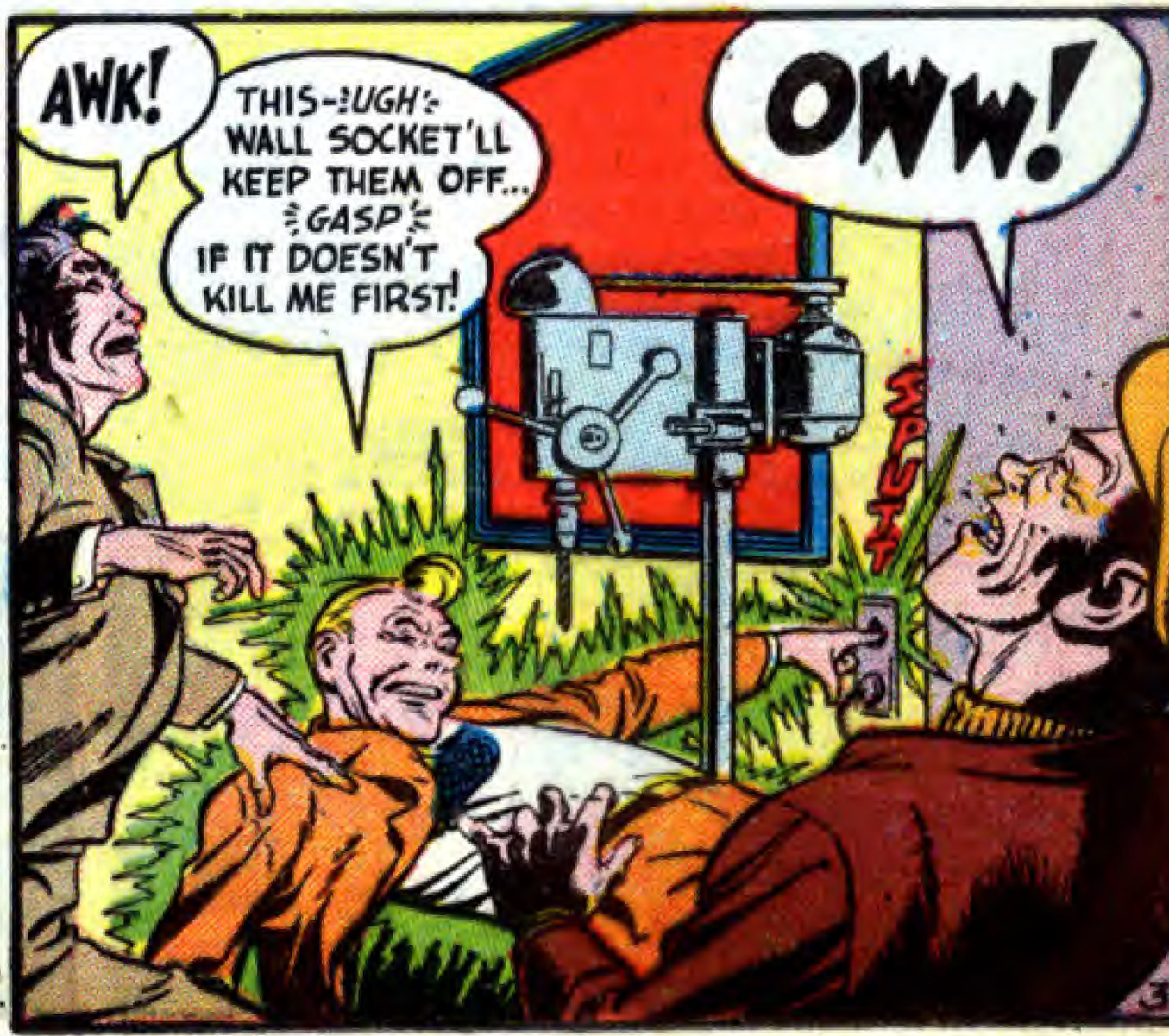


SOON...

OKAY, CHIEF! HE'S COMING AROUND!

TALK UP, BRAVE BOY... WHO WISED YOU UP TO US? WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?... OR WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A **HOLE** IN YOUR CHEST?

?SPLUTT? HUH?

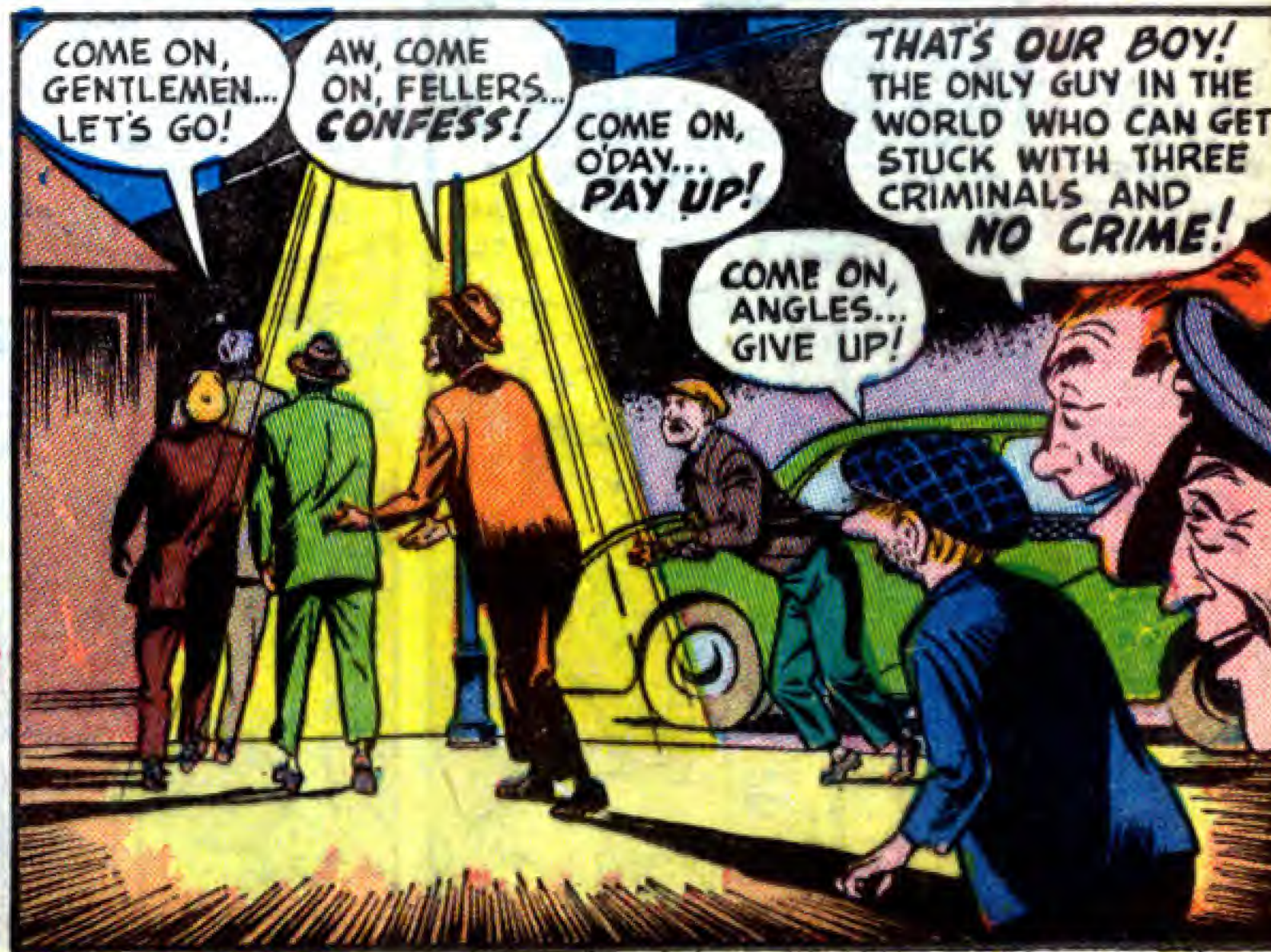
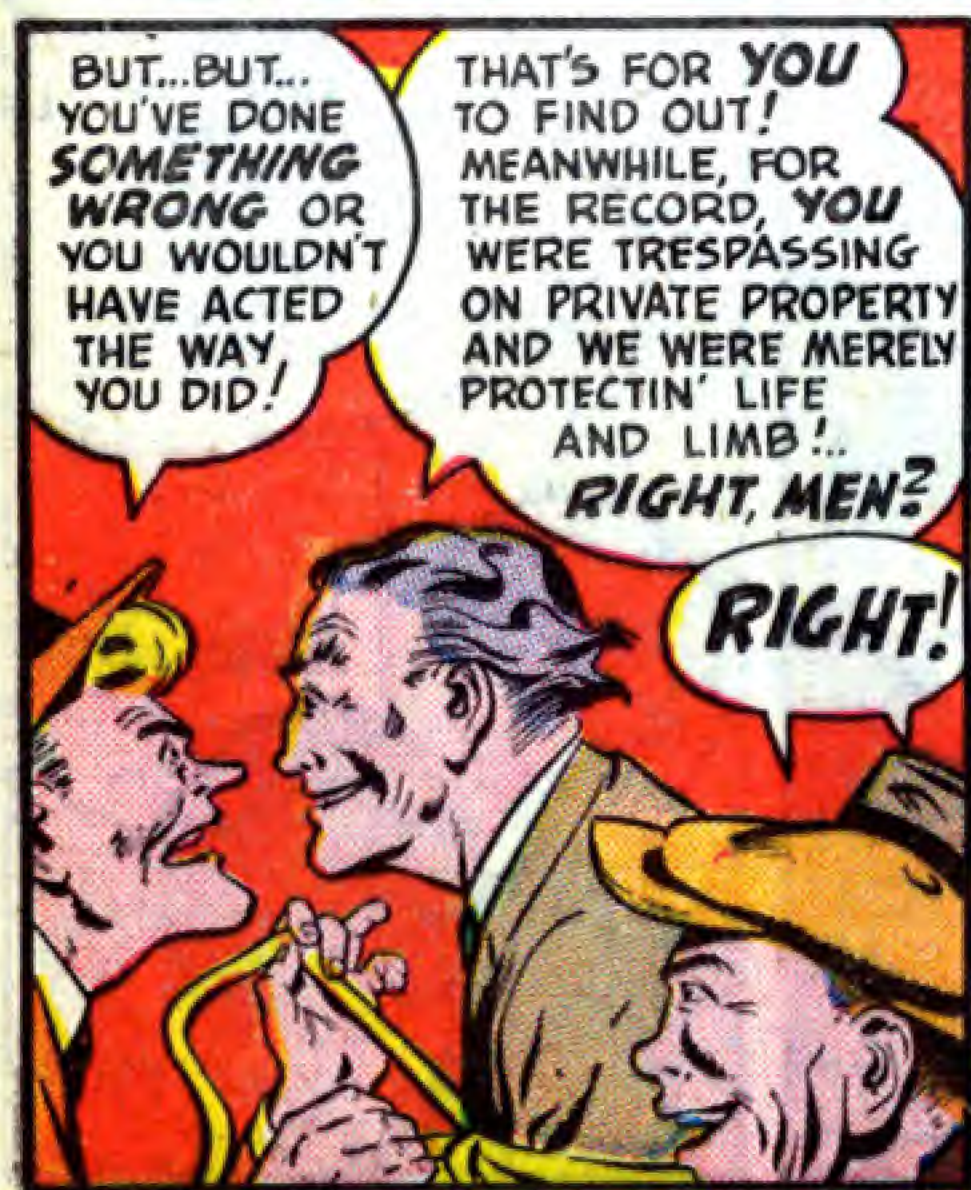
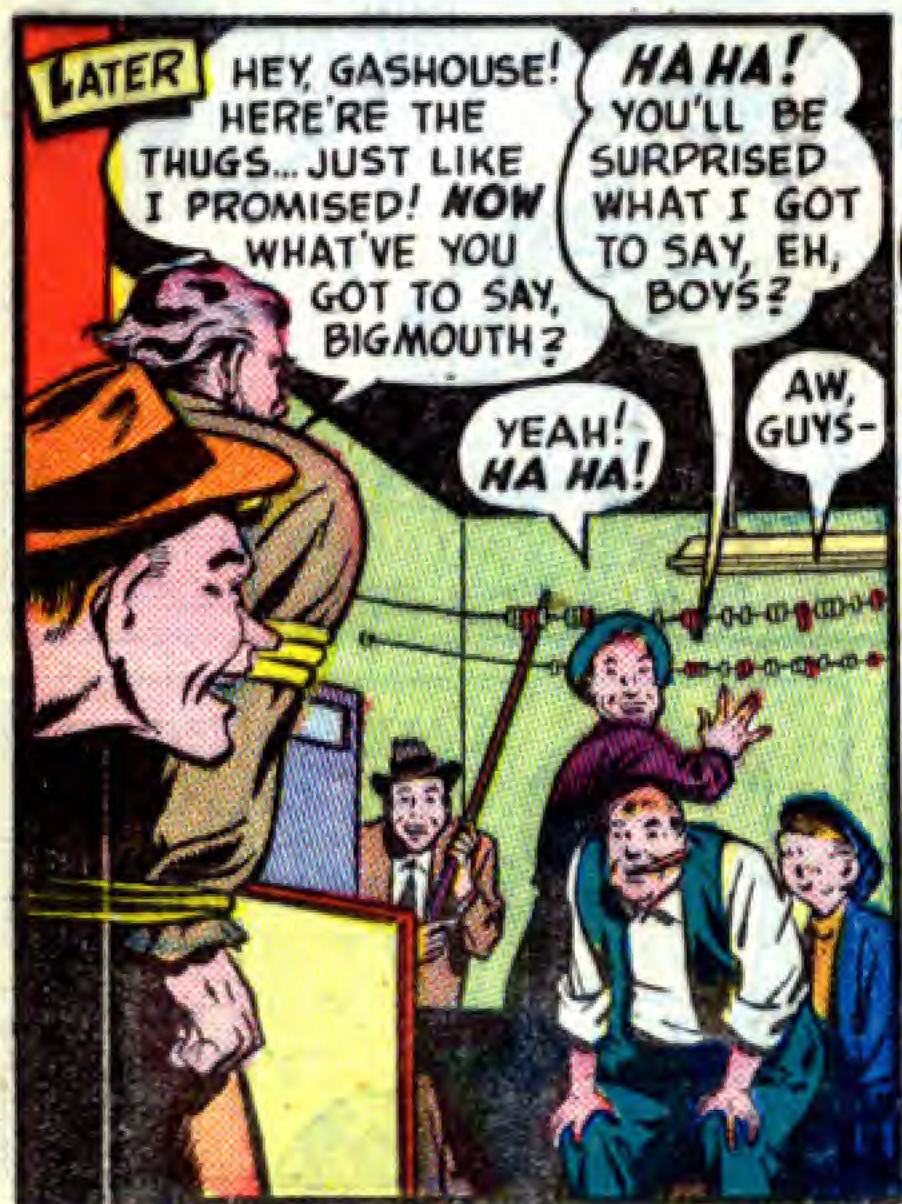
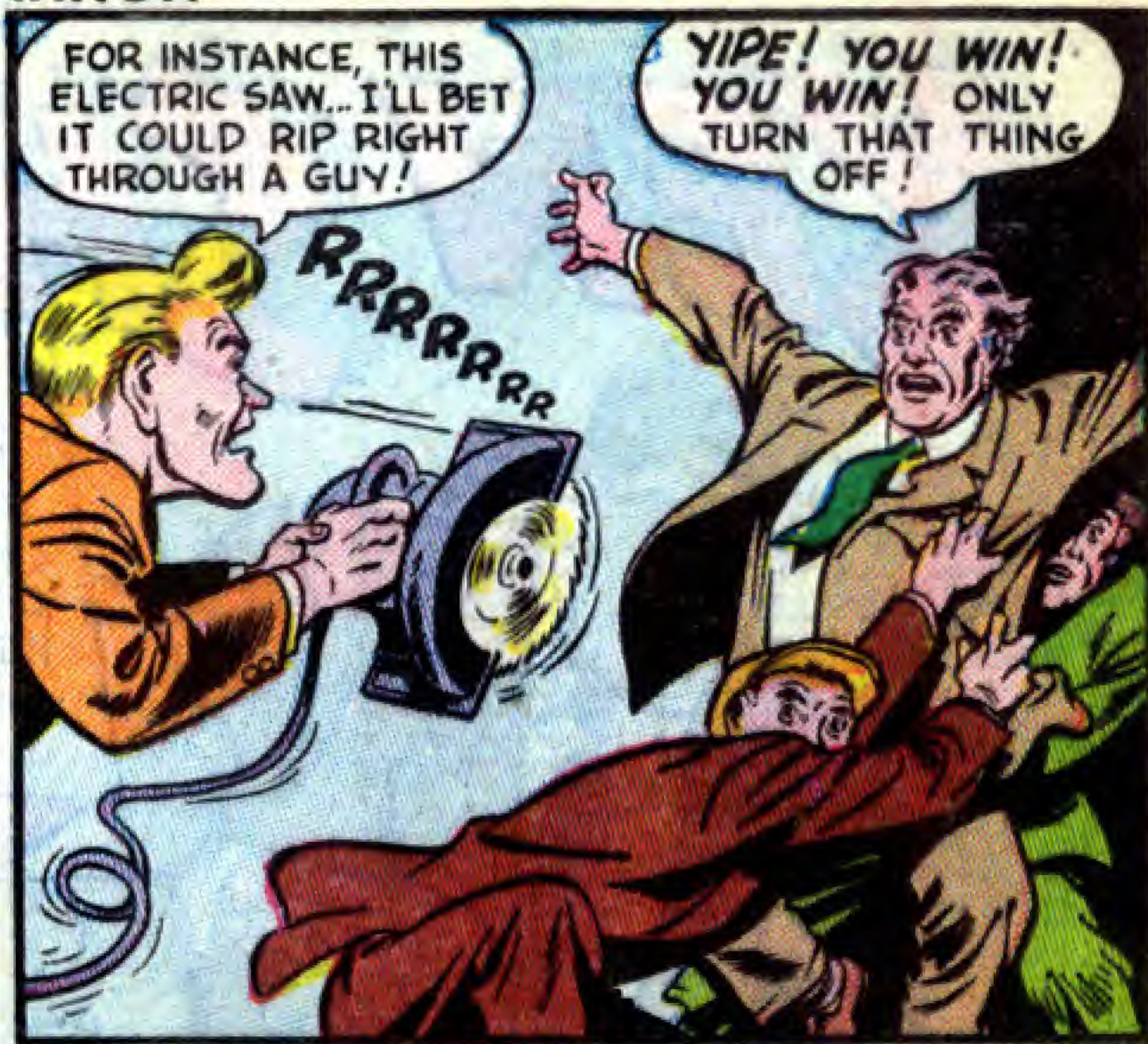
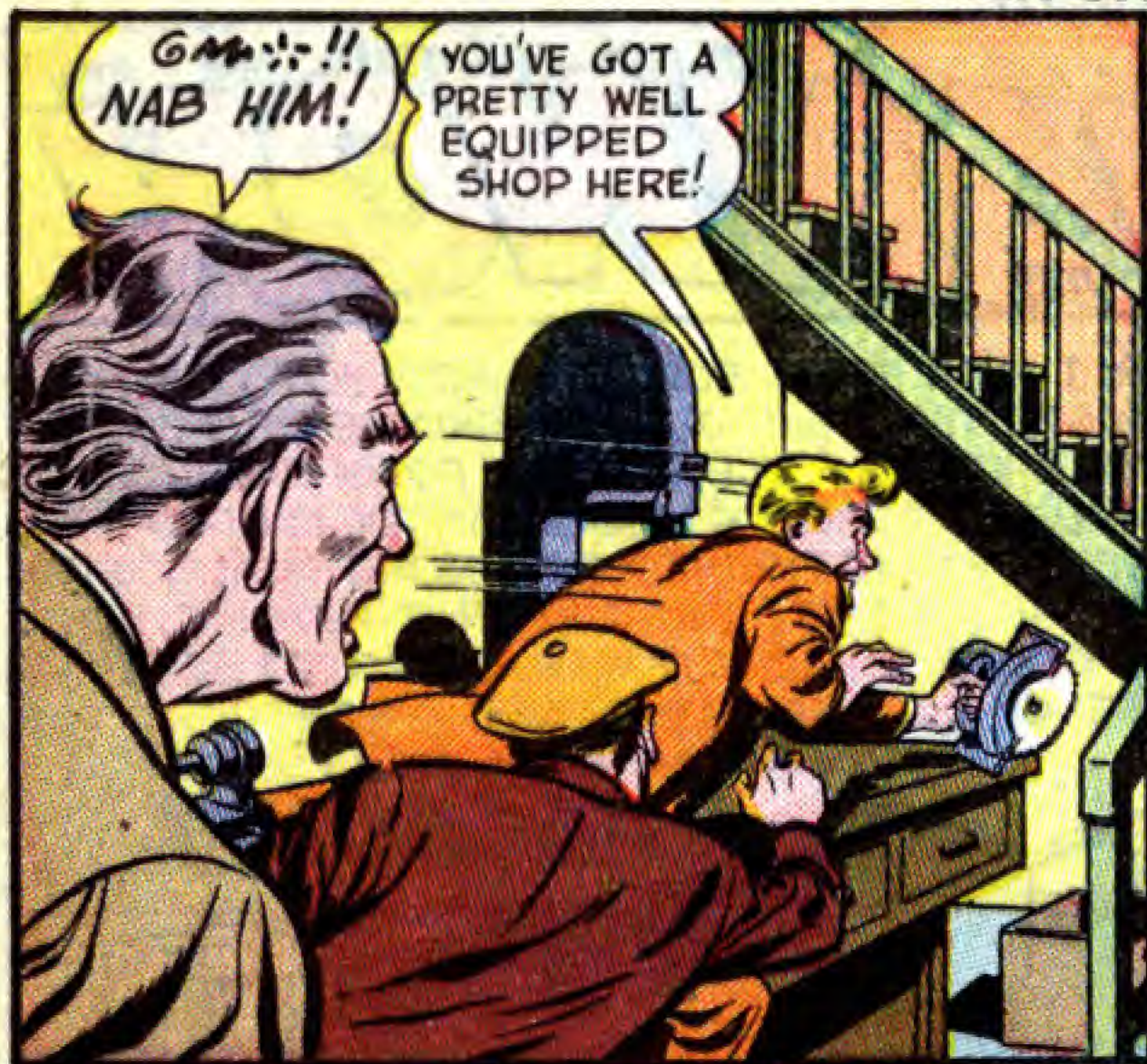


AWK!

THIS—UGH—WALL SOCKET'LL KEEP THEM OFF... **GASP!** IF IT DOESN'T KILL ME FIRST!

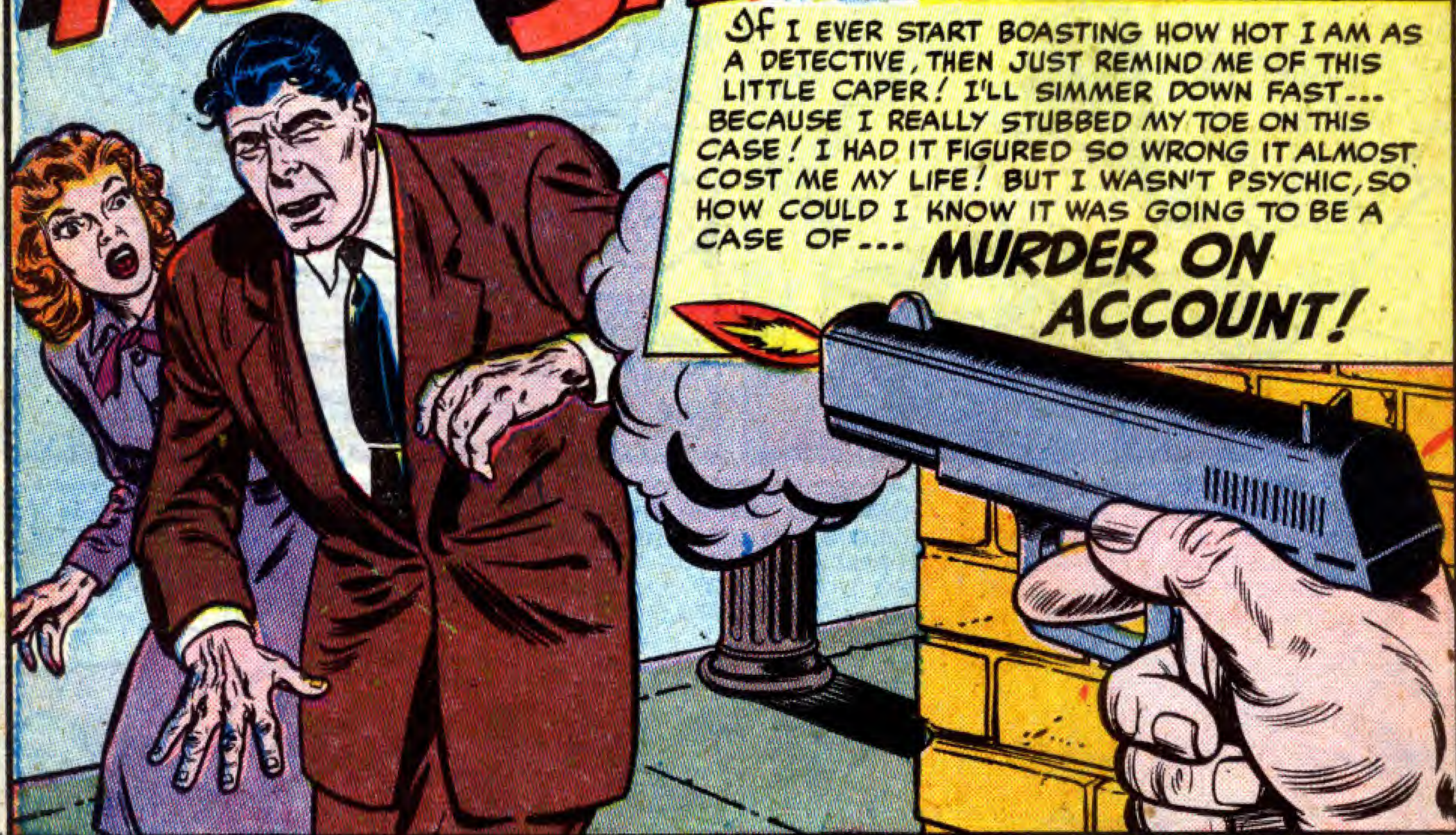
OWW!







# KEN SHANNON



IF I EVER START BOASTING HOW HOT I AM AS A DETECTIVE, THEN JUST REMIND ME OF THIS LITTLE CAPER! I'LL SIMMER DOWN FAST... BECAUSE I REALLY STUBBED MY TOE ON THIS CASE! I HAD IT FIGURED SO WRONG IT ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE! BUT I WASN'T PSYCHIC, SO HOW COULD I KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE A CASE OF ... **MURDER ON ACCOUNT!**



## PAUL PARKER

He balanced books...and he could juggle guns, too!



## MARTY BRIGGS

He wanted cold coin... but got hot slugs instead!



## THE SECOND MR. PARKER

A stranger to me... but not to crime!

**I WAS** IN A BUSINESS CONFERENCE WITH MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, WHEN SOMEBODY KNOCKED ON THE DOOR...

AW, DARN! AND JUST WHEN WE WERE GETTING SO COZY!

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE, HONEY! WE CAN ALWAYS PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

RAP!  
RAP!



MY NAME IS PAUL PARKER! I...I'M A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT WITH OFFICES AT LIBERTY STREET!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MR. PARKER?



WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU IS VERY CONFIDENTIAL! I...I...

MY SECRETARY IS LIKE PART OF THE FURNITURE! THE SIGN ON MY DOOR SAYS PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS!

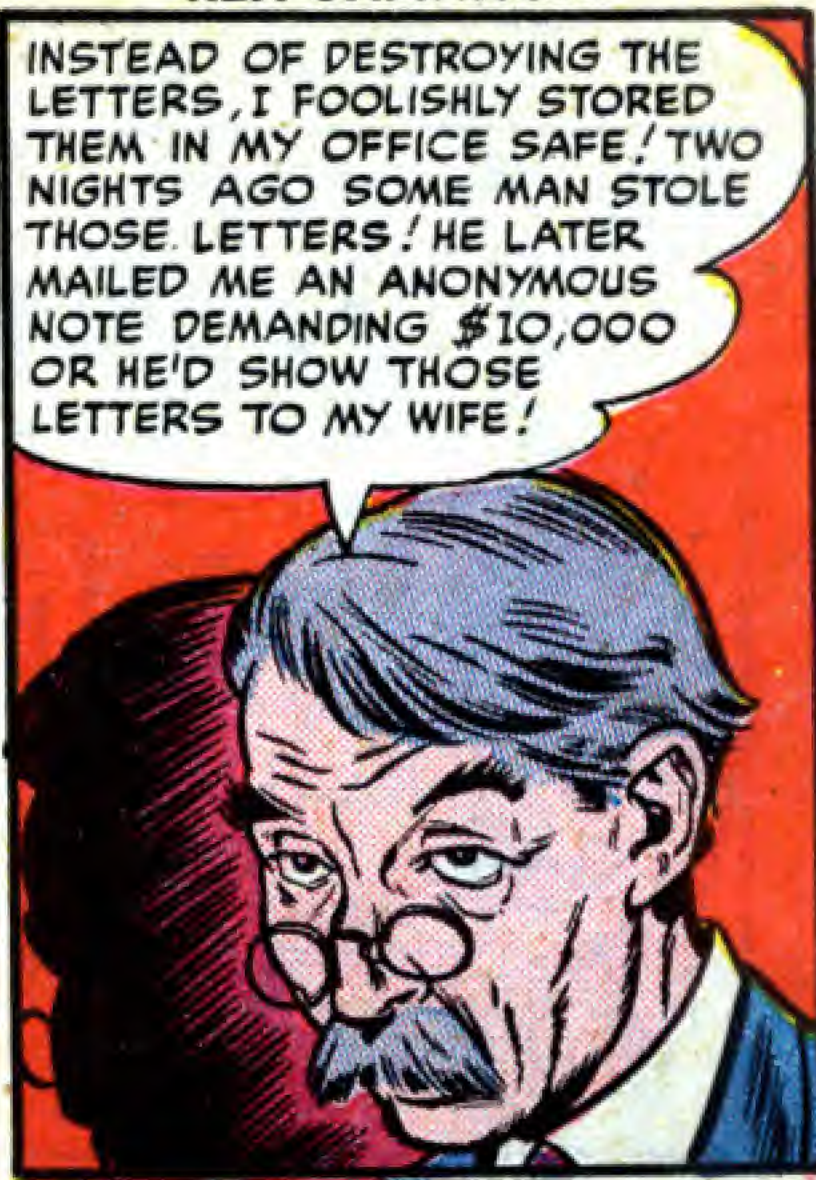






UNTIL RECENTLY, I WAS ENAMORED OF A DANCER NAMED LOLA CORTEZ! I SENT HER SOME LOVE LETTERS, WHICH SHE LATER "SOLD" BACK TO ME...FOR A PRICE!

OH-OH!

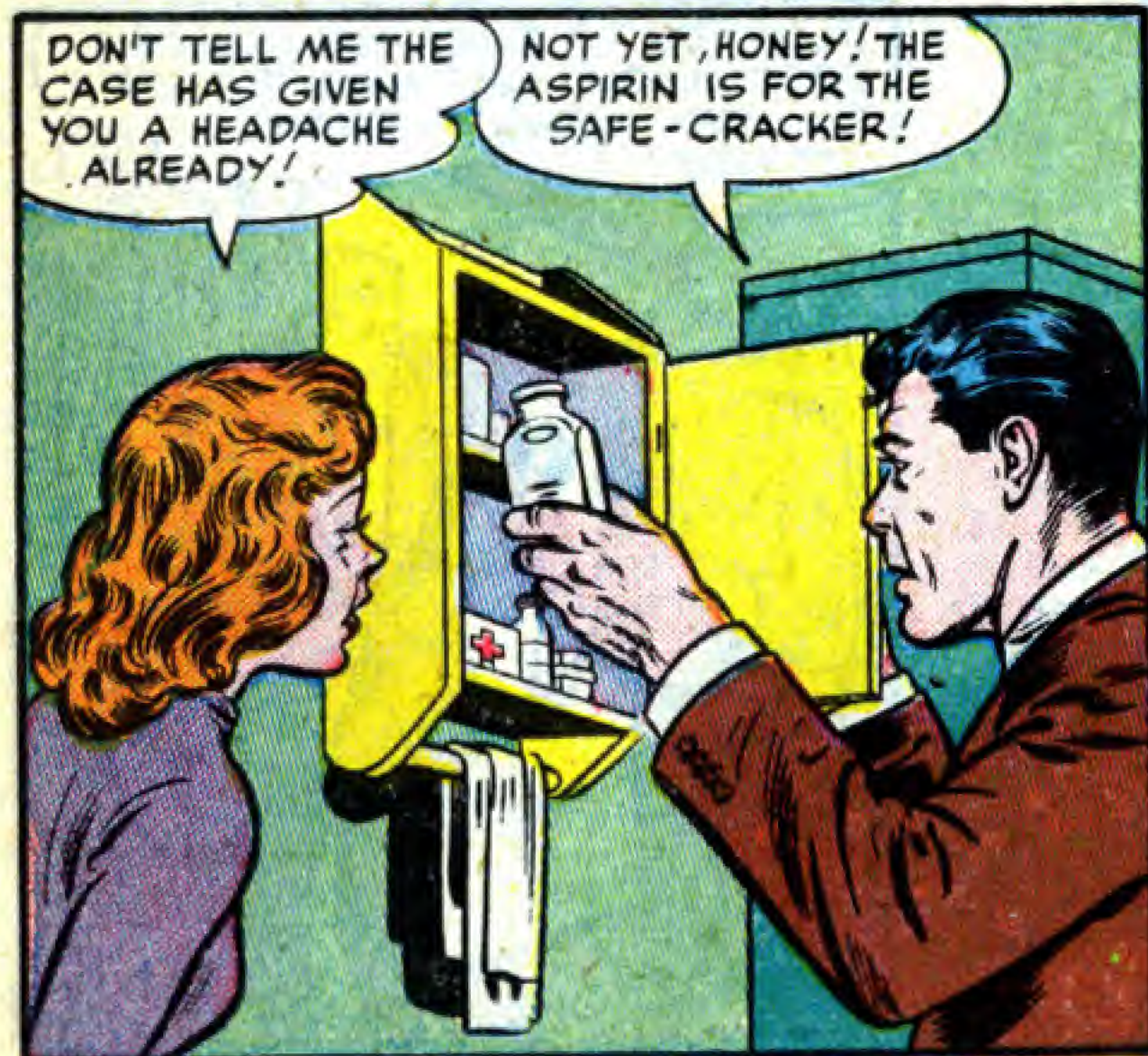


INSTEAD OF DESTROYING THE LETTERS, I FOOLISHLY STORED THEM IN MY OFFICE SAFE! TWO NIGHTS AGO SOME MAN STOLE THOSE LETTERS! HE LATER MAILED ME AN ANONYMOUS NOTE DEMANDING \$10,000 OR HE'D SHOW THOSE LETTERS TO MY WIFE!



OBVIOUSLY, LOLA MUST HAVE MENTIONED THE LETTERS TO ONE OF HER THREE OLD BOY FRIENDS...AL MORGAN...MARTY BRIGGS...OR TOM LACY!

AND THE TRICK NOW IS TO FINGER THE ONE LOLA TIPPED OFF!



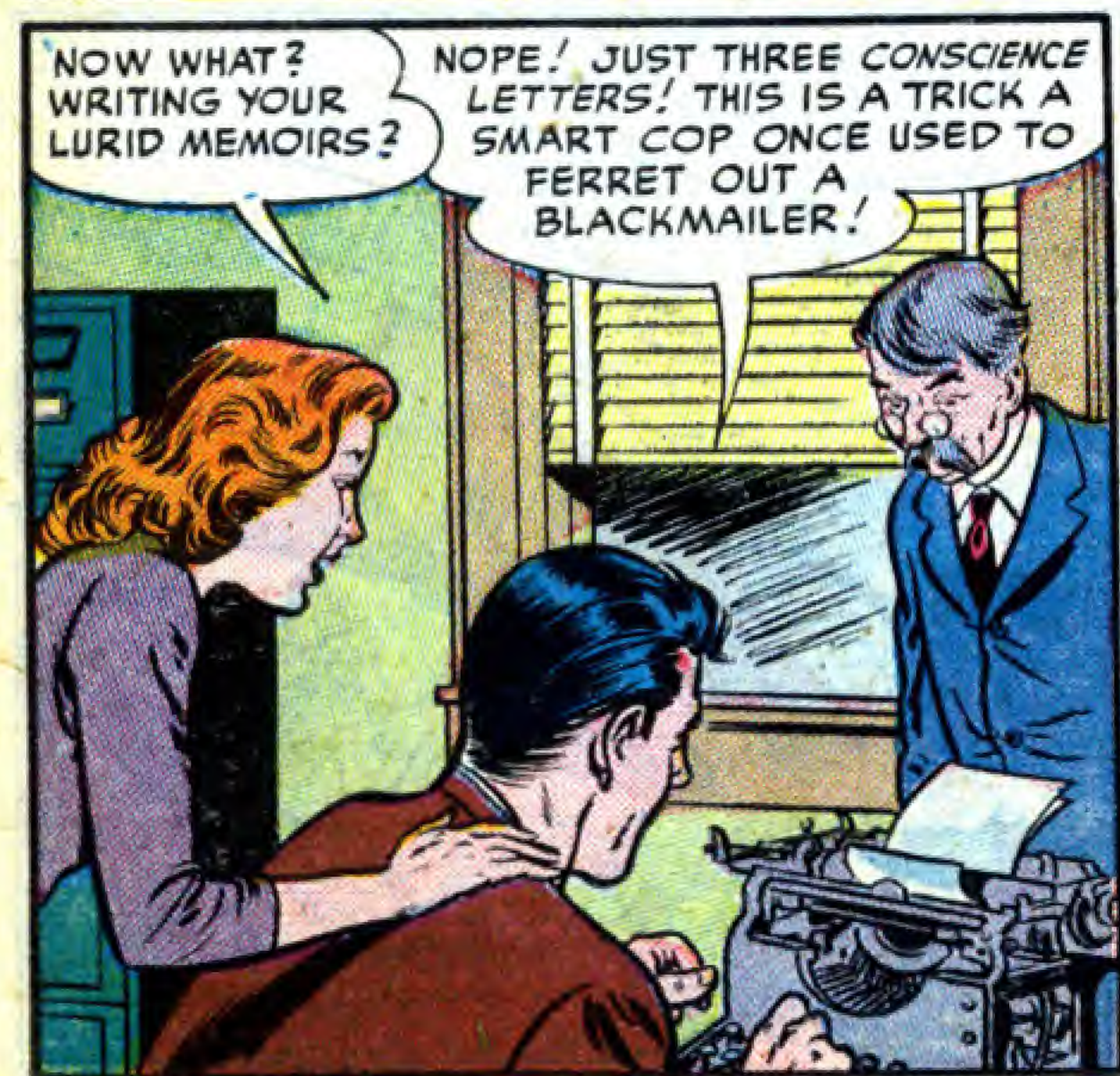
DON'T TELL ME THE CASE HAS GIVEN YOU A HEADACHE ALREADY!

NOT YET, HONEY! THE ASPIRIN IS FOR THE SAFE-CRACKER!



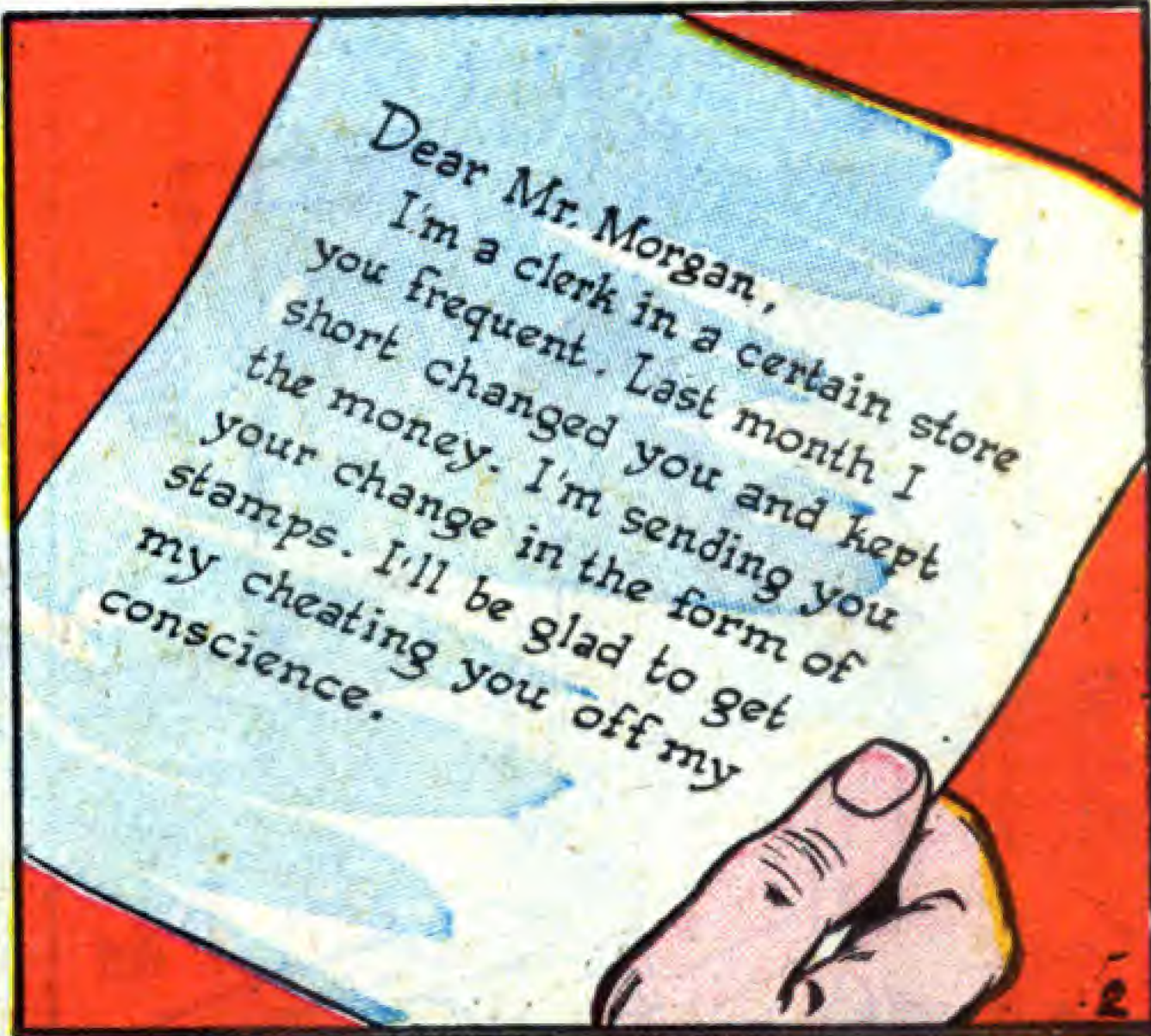
AFTER DISSOLVING THE ASPIRIN IN WATER, I DIPPED A PEN IN THE SOLUTION...

I'VE GOT THREE SHEETS OF UNUSED POSTAGE STAMPS! I'M GOING TO MARK INVISIBLE MARKINGS ON EACH SHEET!



NOW WHAT? WRITING YOUR LURID MEMOIRS?

NOPE! JUST THREE CONSCIENCE LETTERS! THIS IS A TRICK A SMART COP ONCE USED TO FERRET OUT A BLACKMAILER!



Dear Mr. Morgan,  
I'm a clerk in a certain store you frequent. Last month I short changed you and kept the money. I'm sending you your change in the form of stamps. I'll be glad to get my cheating you off my conscience.



I'M GOING TO SEND A LETTER LIKE THIS, WITH MARKED STAMPS, TO EACH ONE OF LOLA'S BOY FRIENDS! NOW, PARKER, WHEN YOU GET ANOTHER NOTE FROM THE ANONYMOUS BLACKMAILER... BRING THE ENVELOPE TO ME, UNDER-  
STAND?

YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN, MR. SHANNON!



A FEW DAYS LATER, PARKER HUSTLED BACK TO MY OFFICE...

IT JUST CAME... ANOTHER THREATENING LETTER FROM THE BURGLAR!

LET'S HAVE IT! NOW RELAX YOUR CHASSIS... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE BARBER FOR A SUN-RAY TREATMENT!



HE WANTS A SUN-RAY TREATMENT... AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT THAT GUY!



UNDER THE SUN LAMP'S ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS, THE INVISIBLE MARK ON THE STAMP CAME OUT AS PURPLE FIRE! MY TRICK HAD PAID OFF!

THE BLACKMAILER USED ONE OF THE "CONSCIENCE LETTER" STAMPS! I MARKED 1 ON AL MORGAN'S LETTER... 2 ON LACY'S LETTER... SO THAT PUTS THE FINGER RIGHT ON BRIGGS!



I MADE DEE DEE STICK TO HOME IN CASE OF FIREWORKS, WHILE PARKER AND I HUSTLED OVER TO BRIGGS' FLAT!

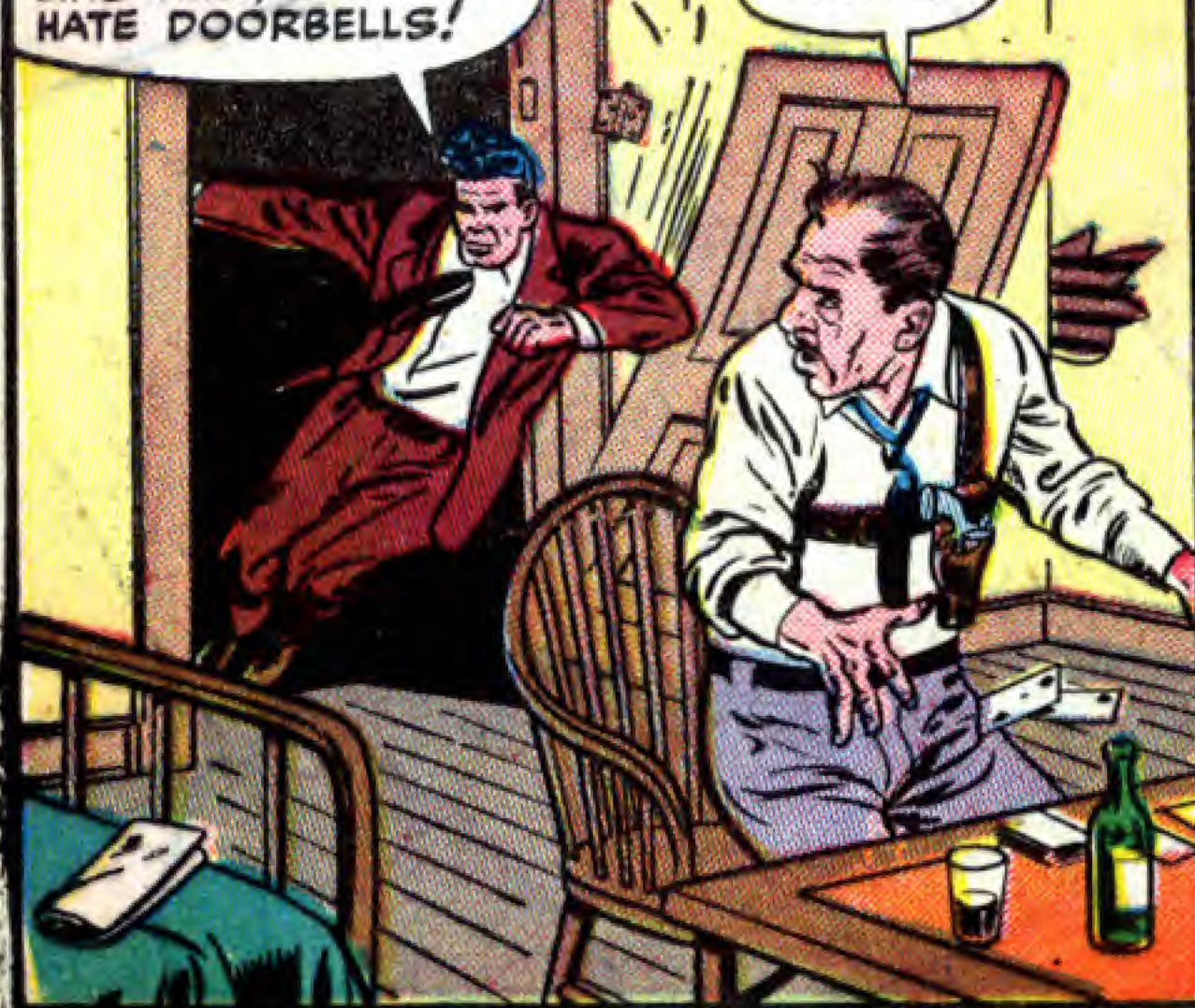
IF..IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL STAY OUT HERE!

RIGHT! YOU WOULDN'T HELP MUCH IF THERE'S A BRAWL!



SORRY TO BUST IN LIKE THIS, BUT I HATE DOORBELLS!

WHAT TH...?



I'M FULL OF PHOBIAS! I ALSO HATE GUNS POKED AT MY FACE!







FISTWORK IS JUST PART OF THE SERVICE I PROVIDE FOR MY CLIENTS!



LET'S HAVE IT, BRIGGS...THE STUFF YOU LIFTED FROM PARKER'S SAFE!

OKAY! OKAY! I PASTED IT UNDER THAT TABLE WITH SCOTCH TAPE!



A LITTLE BLACK BOOK! BUT THE LOVE LETTERS...

THERE NEVER WERE ANY LETTERS! THERE NEVER WAS ANY LOLA! THE WHOLE STORY WAS A LIE! IT'S THE BOOK THAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME!



IT CONTAINS RECORDS OF MY ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES! TOO BAD YOU LEARNED ABOUT THEM, BRIGGS!

NO...NO... UGHHH!

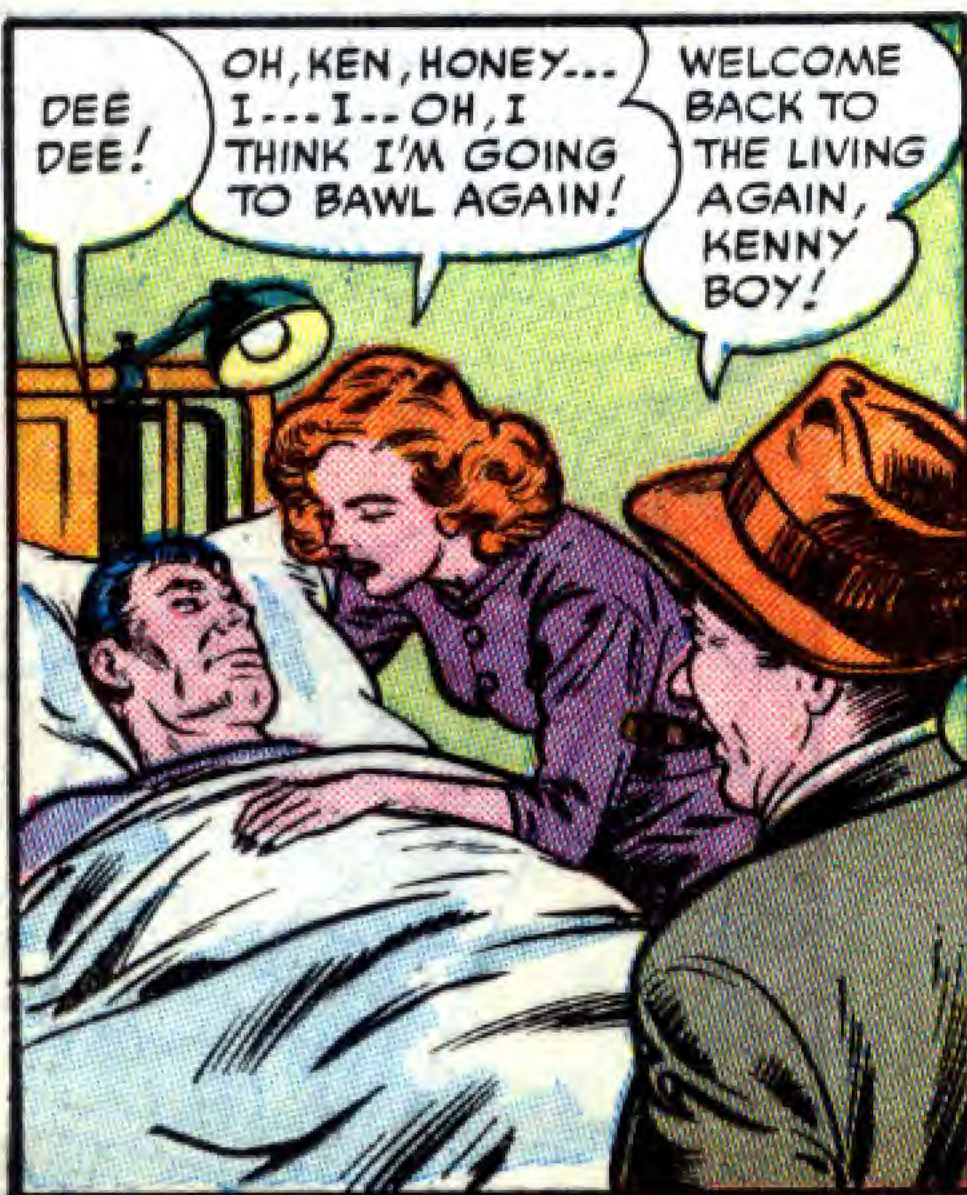
PARKER WAS KILL-CRAZY! HE FIRED AGAIN... I BLACKED OUT AS SOMETHING SMASHED INTO MY CHEST!



HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT FOR SERVICES RENDERED, SHANNON!

UHHH!

THAT SHOULD HAVE FINISHED ME, BUT WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, AN ANGEL WAS BENDING OVER ME!



DEE DEE!

OH, KEN, HONEY... I... I... OH, I THINK I'M GOING TO BAWL AGAIN!

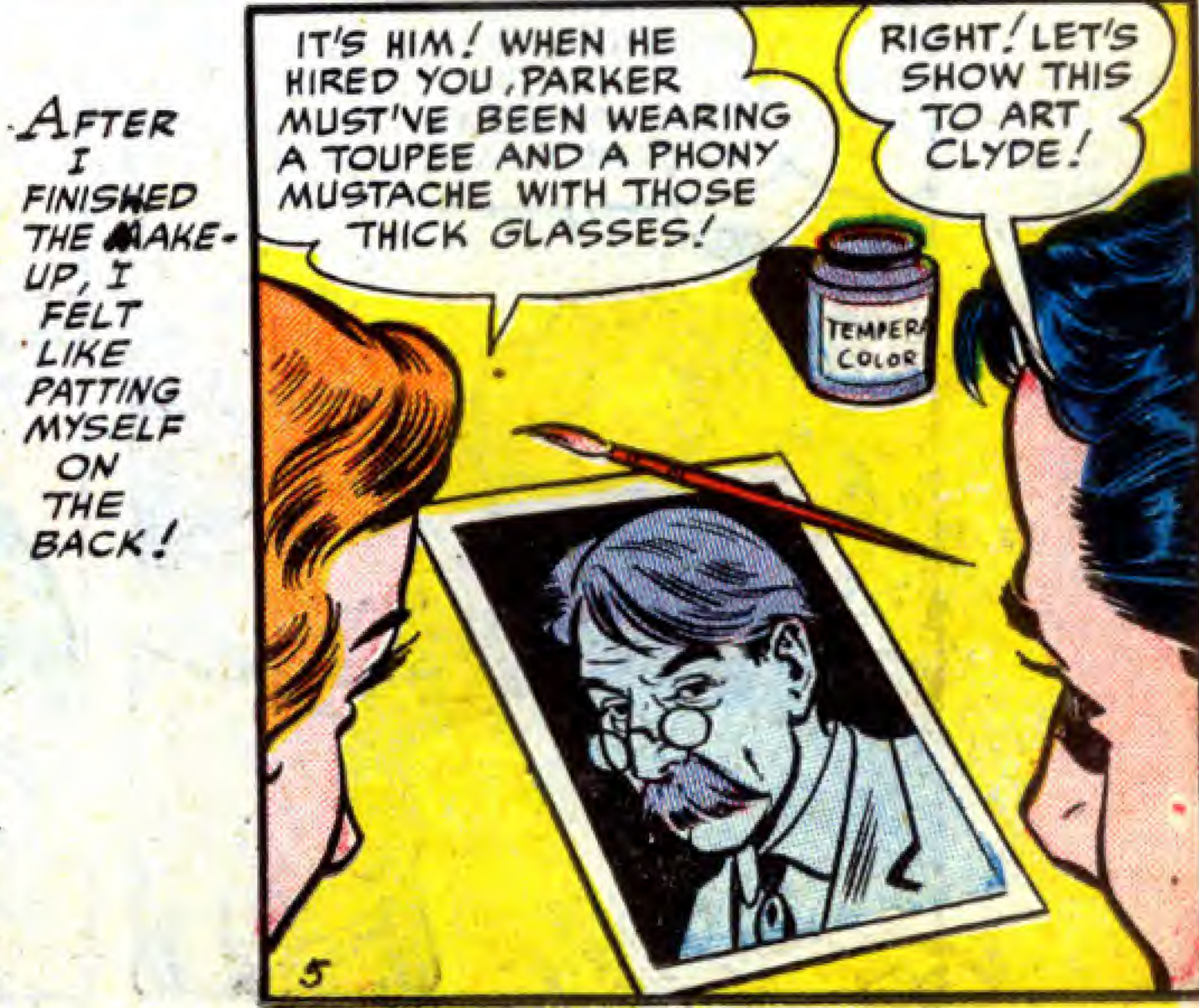
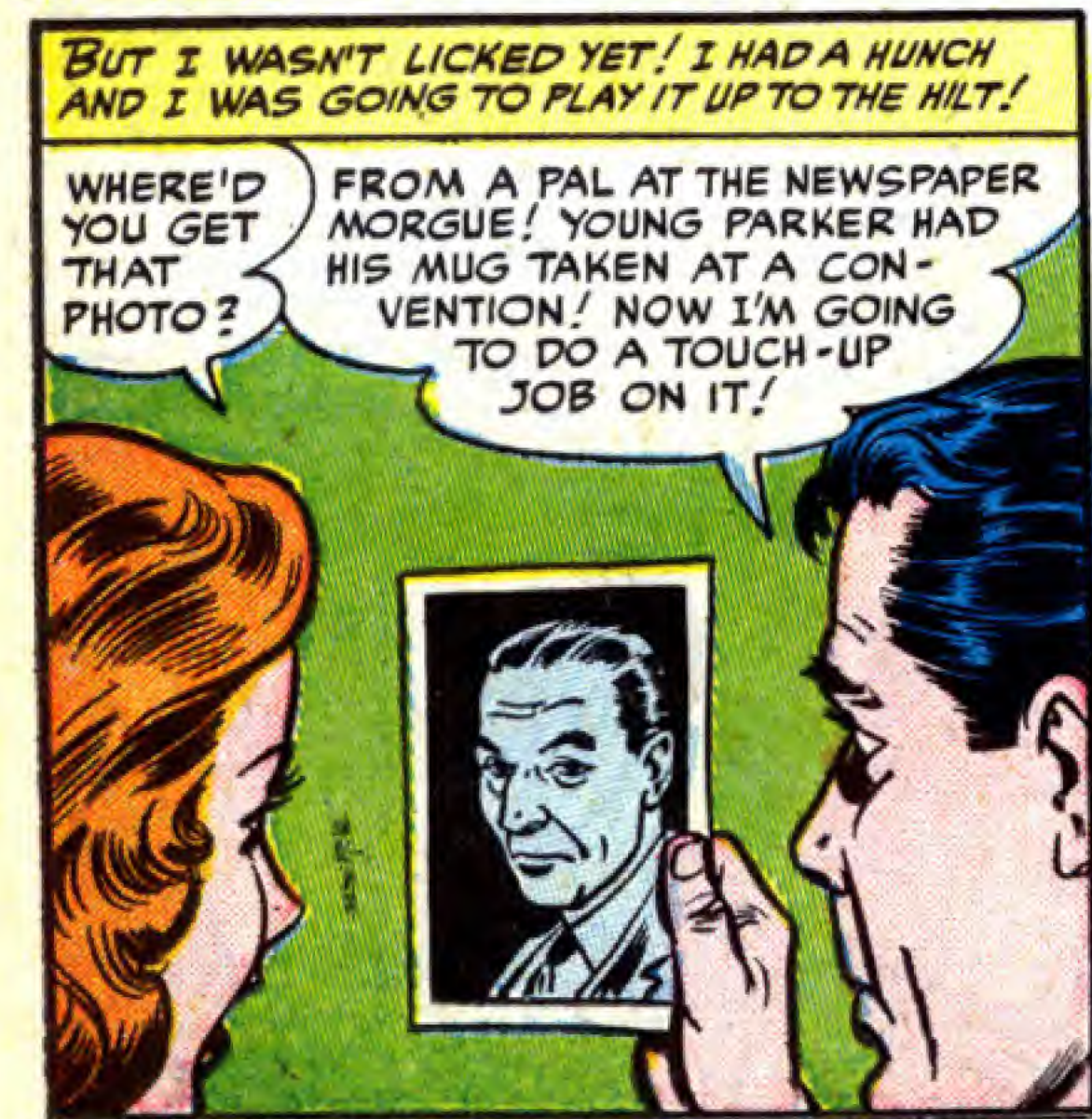
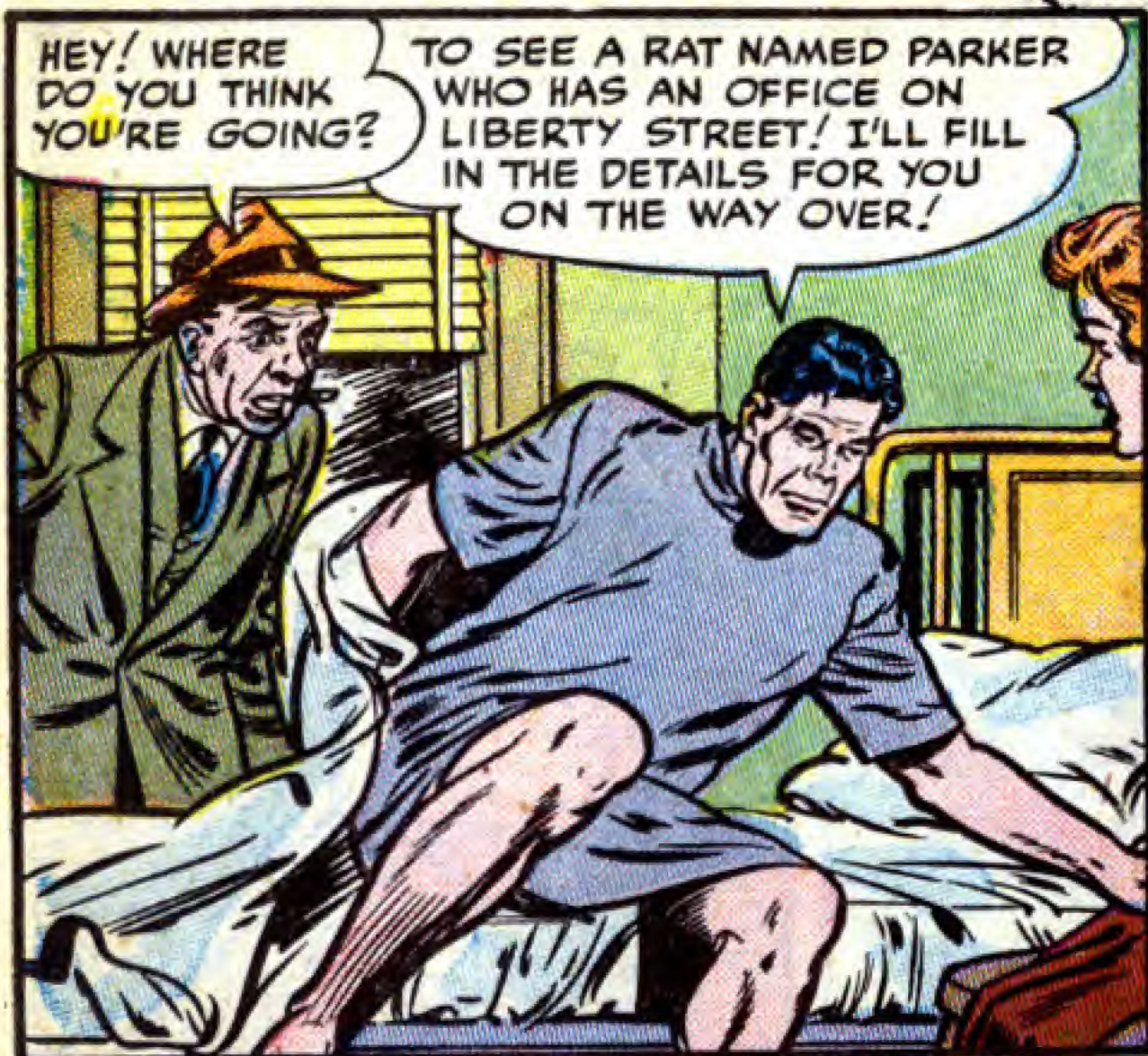
WELCOME BACK TO THE LIVING AGAIN, KENNY BOY!



I THOUGHT I WAS ON THE OBITUARY LIST...

WITH YOUR LUCK, KEN, YOU'LL OUTLIVE ALL OF US! THE SLUG HIT THE METAL PENCIL IN YOUR BREAST POCKET! IT STOPPED THE SLUG FROM DOING ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE!







CLYDE WAS ALL SET TO GRAB PARKER, BUT I HAD A FEELING THERE WAS MORE TO THIS CASE!

THAT LITTLE BLACK BOOK MUST'VE BEEN MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO PARKER TO GO ALL THE WAY TO MURDER!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT ALL TIES IN WITH HIS ACCOUNTANCY BUSINESS! ART, I WANT YOU TO GET ME THE LOWDOWN ON ALL THE FIRMS WHICH HIRED PARKER TO BALANCE THEIR BOOKS!



CLYDE MANAGED IT WITHOUT PARKER FINDING OUT, AND I STARTED GOING OVER THE LIST!

YOU THINK PARKER'S BEEN DOCTORING BOOKS FOR PEOPLE AVOIDING BUSINESS TAXES?

NOPE! THE WAY I FIGURE IT, THAT'S TAME STUFF TO THE GAME PARKER HAS BEEN PLAYING!



I'VE FOUND OUT ALL I WANT TO KNOW, DEE DEE! WE'RE CLOSING IN ON A HOT RACKET!

HEY, WAIT FOR ME, YOU LUG!



MY TARGET WAS THE ACME FUR WAREHOUSE! ONE OF PARKER'S CLIENTS!

THERE'S SOMEONE INSIDE!

LET'S GO IN AND SAY HELLO!



PILE THAT JUNK HIGH! I'LL GIVE IT A GOOD DOSE OF GASOLINE!

WHEN THIS PLACE GETS LIT, IT'LL GO UP LIKE A TORCH! PARKER BETTER PAY PLENTY FOR THIS JOB!



HOW'S THE ARSON RACKET THESE DAYS?

HEY! WHO'S THIS?



BETTER NOT PULL THE TRIGGER... NOT WITH GASOLINE FUMES AROUND HERE! ONE SPARK WILL SEND US ALL SKY-HIGH!







**I**  
CALLED  
CLYDE  
AND  
WHEN  
THE  
WAGON  
SHOWED  
UP, I  
TOOK  
OFF  
AGAIN!





# HOT SCOOP

**I**T WAS late when Ed Winkler wearily turned off his office radio and started to leave. The phone sounded off. He slammed the door on it and headed for the elevator. It was slow coming up. "The night man must be taking time out for java," mused Ed, as he waited impatiently. Back in his office, the phone kept up its insistent ringing. He turned on his heel and went back, muttering under his breath.

When Ed heard the name given by the frightened voice on the other end of the line, he gave a low whistle. It was the leading political light, the man most mentioned for the governorship. "I need a detective fast, Mr. Winkler. One who can keep quiet," his voice quavered as he spoke. "Can you come over to my apartment now?" Ed didn't hesitate. "I'm on my way, Mr. Shaw," he replied.

As he drove through the traffic the evening's radio broadcast by the reporter about town, know-all, tell-all Steve Ivins, flashed through his mind. According to Ivins, Mason Shaw was a cinch for the nomination. Why then, was he in need of a private detective, a quiet one? Minutes later, Winkler stepped from the elevator on the top floor of the fancy address Shaw had given him. He rang the bell three times. No answer. He pushed open the door. Mason Shaw was crawling across the floor, leaving a trail of blood as he went.

Shaw saw him enter. "Sh-shot in the stomach," he gasped. "If you're Winkler, I've got to talk fast. I was being blackmailed." He paused. "That's why this happened. I refused to pay any more, said I'd call in a detective. Nobody knew I stood a manslaughter charge for drunk driving years back. Was acquitted, b-but wrote the w-widow, confessed that I was d-drunk when I killed her husband. Then that skunk g-got the letter." He was whispering now, and Ed was down on the floor, trying to catch every word as the dying man continued. "And with the g-governorship practically in my pocket—did you hear Ivins t-tonight? Ha ha that's fun—" And he stopped breathing.

Ed called Homicide. When they appeared, he told them only that Shaw has asked him to come over, no further details. "Maybe there's a way to keep the blackmail quiet," he thought as he left the building. "I'll hold out for awhile."

Back in the traffic, Ed Winkler aimed his car for home. He passed the little cafe across from the radio station, Steve Ivins' hangout. He pulled to a stop and went in. "Naw, Steve didn't come in tonight, Ed," drawled the waiter. "He must be home workin' on tomorrow's broadcast. Sometimes he gets ambitious, ya know, and does the spiel early."

Ed didn't know why he tagged Steve to his place. Maybe he had a soft spot for a guy like Shaw getting it in the stomach. Anyway, if Ivins was spouting about Mason Shaw for governor, he'd be interested in the murder, may even have an idea or two. Besides, Ed got a bang out of his fast chatter. A dizzy guy with a hot scoop every program.

Steve Ivins greeted him, clad in a dressing gown, the room filled with smoke, and his own voice

talking back to him from a machine on the desk. "And now ladies and gentlemen, the hottest scoop of the year—" droned the machine. "Hi, Ed, long time no glim. How's the shamus business?" smiled Steve. "Mix something refreshing," he indicated a table full of bottles, "while I dictate the latest Hollywood gab. This Voicewriter saves me a load of work." He picked up the microphone and finished in a flurry of words about the screen queen and husband number four.

Ed told him the story, just as he had told the police, carefully omitting any mention of the blackmail angle. Ivins showed news sense. "Too bad it happened after my broadcast. Would have made a big story." He saw the disgust suddenly show on Ed's face. "Oh, too bad about Shaw, too. He had a promising future ahead of him," he recovered. "Wonder who did it." He added thoughtfully, "None of his political foes would go that far and Shaw's personal slate was relatively clean. Of course there was that manslaughter charge years ago." Ed was at the table, pouring the soda, he turned carefully to look at Steve, who was standing, blowing smoke rings. "How did you know about that Steve?" he asked slowly. Steve laughed. "I'm a reporter, of sorts, Ed. It's my business to know everything. Is that why Mason Shaw called you tonight? Something about that old charge against him?" he queried sharply.

A nasty thought crept into Ed's mind. Mason Shaw had said nobody knew, but then, Steve was, as he had said, a reporter of sorts. But Ed put out another feeler. "How did you know Shaw was killed after your broadcast I didn't mention the time, Steve." Steve was jumpy, he flew into a rage. "Don't come sleuthing around me, wise guy. I told you, it's my business to know things." "And I think you know more than you're telling," countered Ed, as he set down his drink and strode towards Steve. In an unexpected move, Steve whipped a gun from the pocket of his robe. "Just stay where you are, shamus," he said hysterically. "I've had about all I can take tonight and one false move from you—" he started. "Tell me about it, Steve," murmured Ed, as he moved forward. "Or would you rather show me the letter you've been using to blackmail Mason Shaw?" The look in Ivins' eye slowed Ed to a stop. Behind him the light of the Voicewriter blinked methodically on and off. Steve spoke menacingly, "Sure I was blackmailing that ward-heeling politician before I knocked him off. Once he got elected, I was going on that gravy train for life. But the information won't do you any good, snooper, because getting rid of you will be the easiest thing I ever did." Ed tensed and suddenly lunged in a flying tackle. Steve crashed down with a shout. The gun went sailing through the air, smashing out the blinking light of the Voicewriter. A well-aimed kick gave Ivins the advantage, but Ed made a fast recovery with an uppercut coming up from the floor. Ivins sailed backwards and bounced off the corner of the desk. Out cold.

Ed put in his second call to Homicide, trussed Steve Ivins up with the belt to his robe, and flipped the switch on the Voicewriter. Ivins came out of it hearing his own voice confessing to the murder of Mason Shaw. "There's your hot scoop for the day, Steve," said Ed Winkler. "A hot scoop right into the hot seat!"



# KEN SHANNON



**MARK LORING**

His career almost went up in gun smoke!



**KITTY JOYCE**

She could fall in love at purse-sight!



**PETE SHELLEY**

He pulled a lot of strings... until he tripped over one!

WAS THE DEAD MAN FRAMED? DID HE TAKE THE RAP FOR ANOTHER GUY'S GUNNING? QUESTIONS...WITH NO ANSWERS! AND WHEN I STARTED THROWING THOSE QUESTIONS, SOMEBODY STARTED THROWING LEAD! THAT WAS THE TROUBLE WITH THE CASE...TOO MUCH LEAD, TOO MANY CLUES, AND...

**TOO MANY KILLERS!**

**THE** VOTERS HAD JUST ELECTED AN OLD ARMY BUDDY OF MINE AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

FROM MAJOR MARK LORING TO D.A. LORING! YOU SURE TOOK ON A TOUGH JOB! THE MOBBIES ARE GOING TO PRESSURE YOU FOR SPECIAL FAVORS!

LET THEM TRY, KEN! I'M GOING TO CLEAN UP THIS TOWN!



LORING KEPT HIS WORD! THE CRIME BIGGIES COULDN'T PUT LORING ON THEIR PAYROLL!

GET OUT, SHELLEY! TRY TO BRIBE ME AGAIN AND I'LL SLAP YOU INTO A CELL!

THAT'S PRETTY BIG TALK COMING FROM A VERY SMALL MAN! YOU'LL BE SORRY ABOUT THIS, LORING!



SOME NIGHTS LATER, TWO PATROLMEN WERE INVESTIGATING GUN SHOTS ON THE WATERFRONT...

HOLY SMOKE! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKED OFF ACE MITCHUM, THE NUMBERS BOSS!

AND THERE GOES THE GUY WHO DID IT! HALT! HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

**WAREHOUSE**



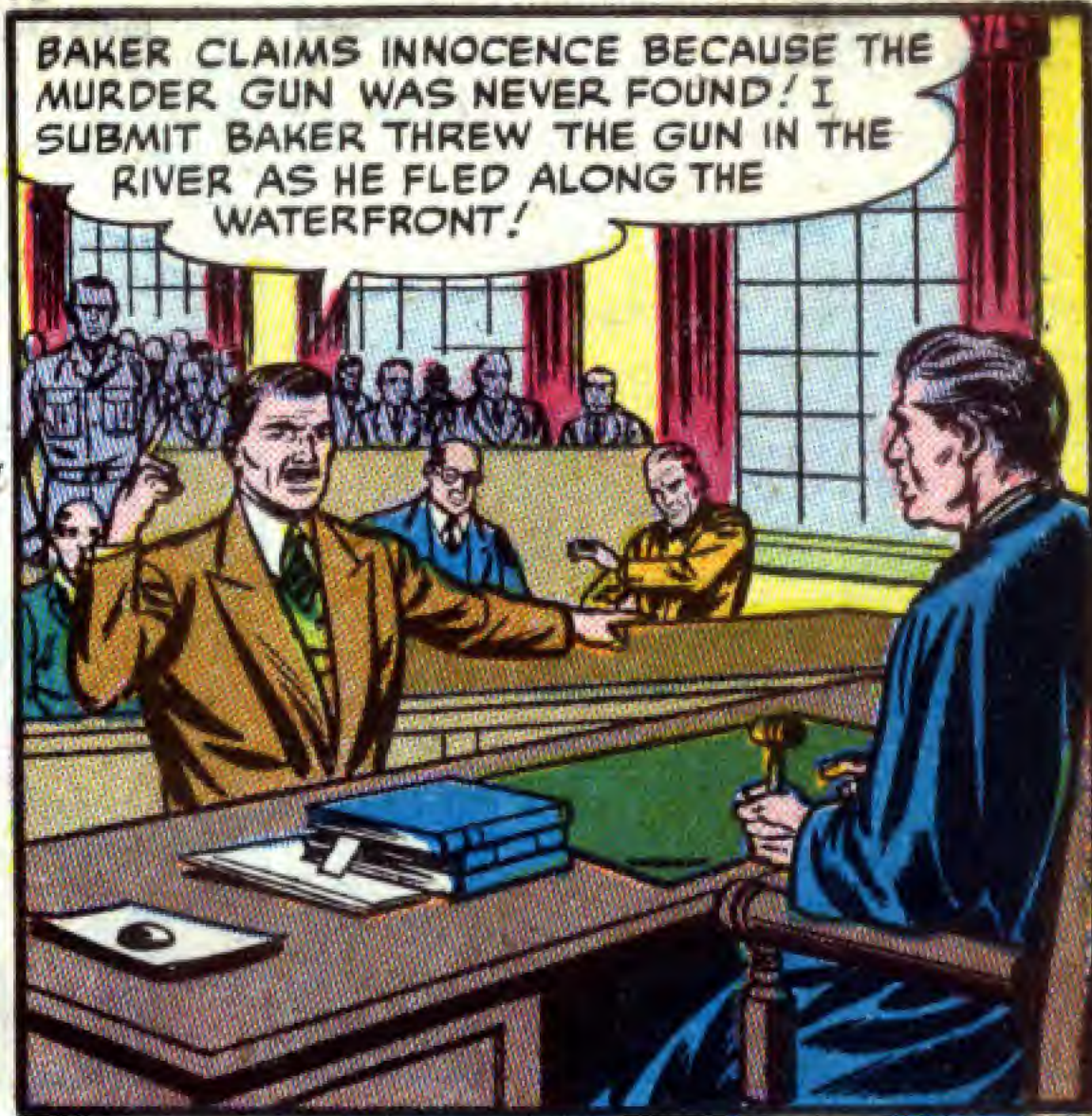




WELL, WELL! BOODLES BAKER! THE GRAPEVINE WAS RIGHT WHEN THEY SAID YOU WERE TRYIN' TO PUSH OUT MITCHUM SO YOU COULD TAKE OVER!

Y-YOU GOT ME WRONG, COPPER! HE WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT THERE! I...I'VE BEEN FRAMED!

**B**AKER HAD A GOOD MOUTH-PIECE, BUT LORING'S PROSECUTION OF THE TRIAL WAS A MASTER-PIECE!



BAKER CLAIMS INNOCENCE BECAUSE THE MURDER GUN WAS NEVER FOUND! I SUBMIT BAKER THREW THE GUN IN THE RIVER AS HE FLED ALONG THE WATERFRONT!



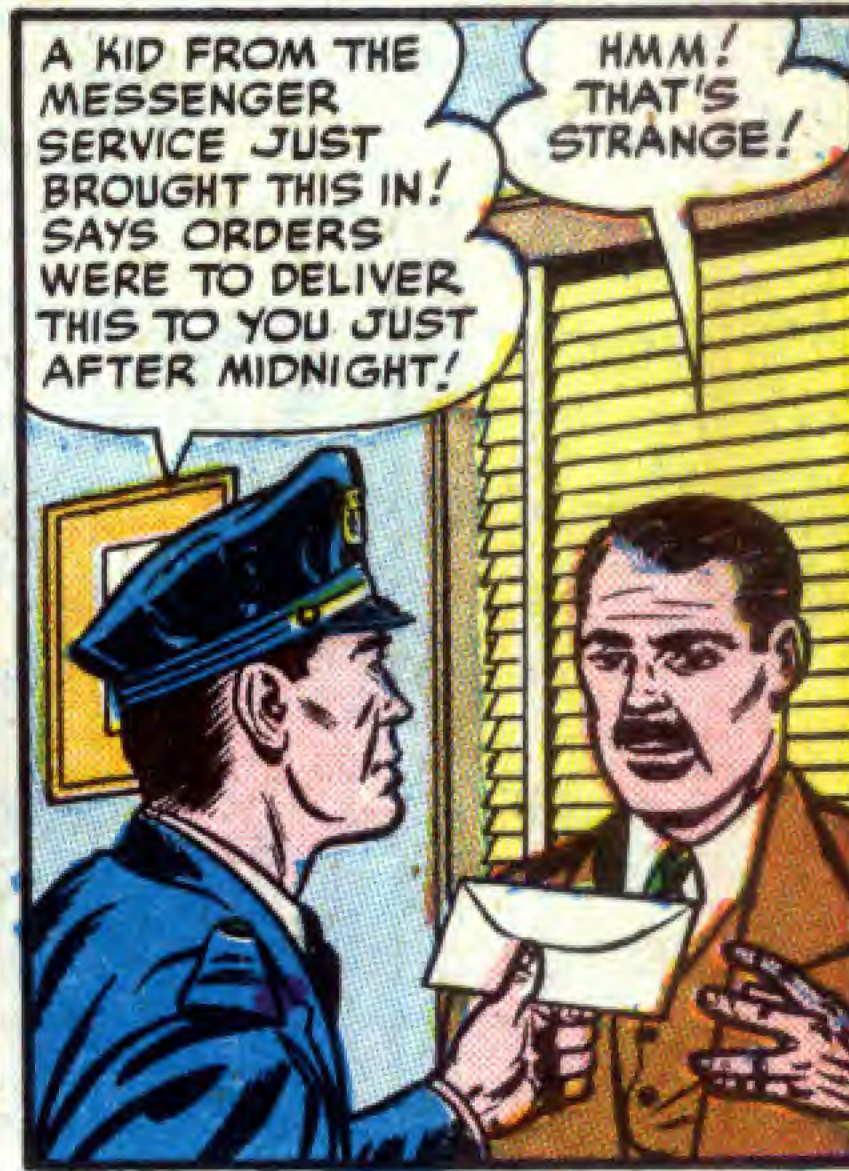
A NITRATE TEST OF BAKER'S HAND SHOWED TRACES OF GUN POWDER...PROVING BAKER HAD FIRED A GUN! NEED I GO ON? YOUR VERDICT IS OBVIOUS! BAKER IS GUILTY!



DEE DEE AND I WERE IN LORING'S OFFICE THE NIGHT THEY THREW THE SWITCH ON BAKER!

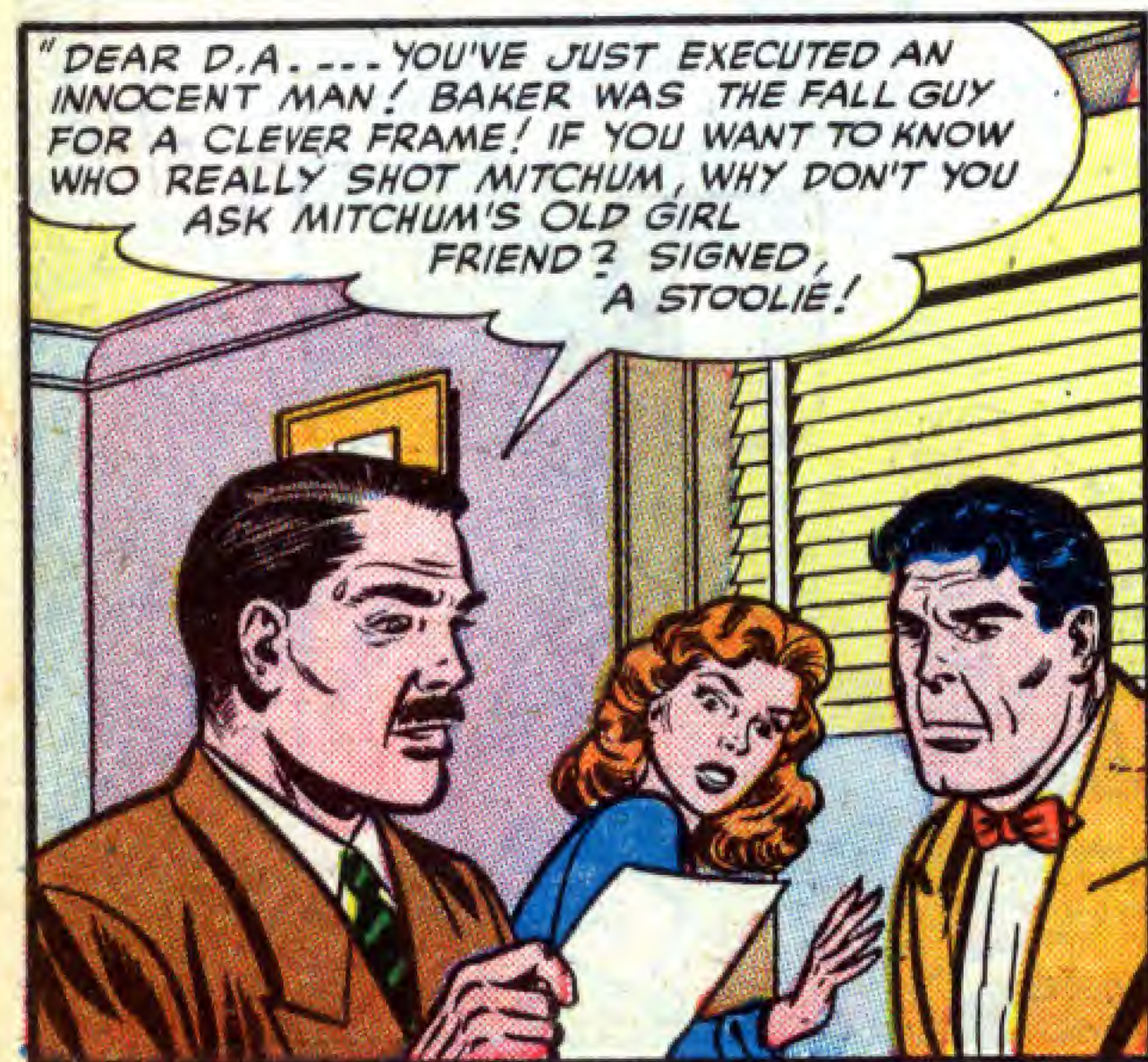
IT'S ALL OVER, KEN! BAKER'S JUST PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME!

THIS WILL PROVE TO THE MOBS THAT THEY'D BETTER TOE THE LINE FROM HERE ON IN!

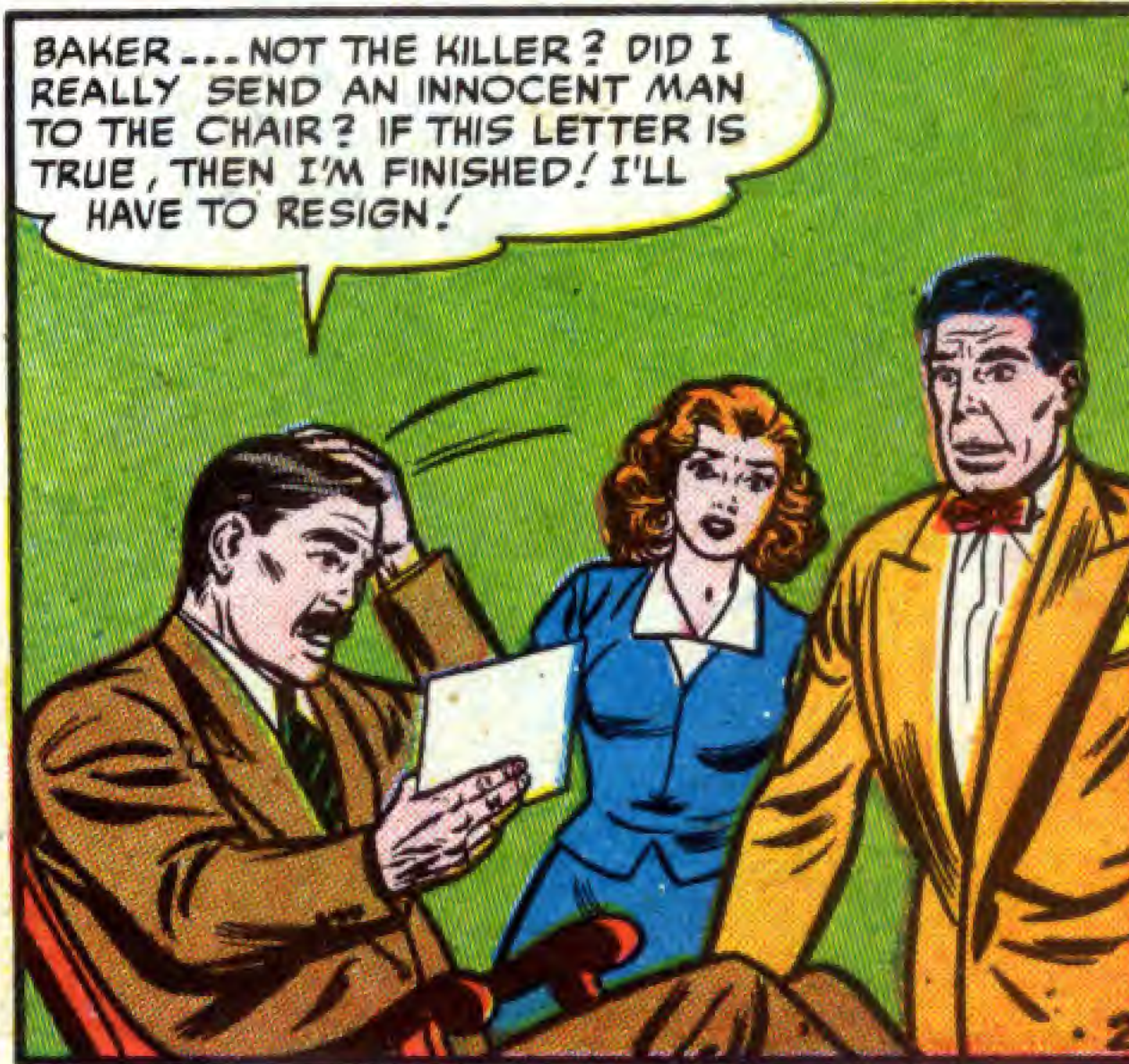


A KID FROM THE MESSENGER SERVICE JUST BROUGHT THIS IN! SAYS ORDERS WERE TO DELIVER THIS TO YOU JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT!

HMM! THAT'S STRANGE!

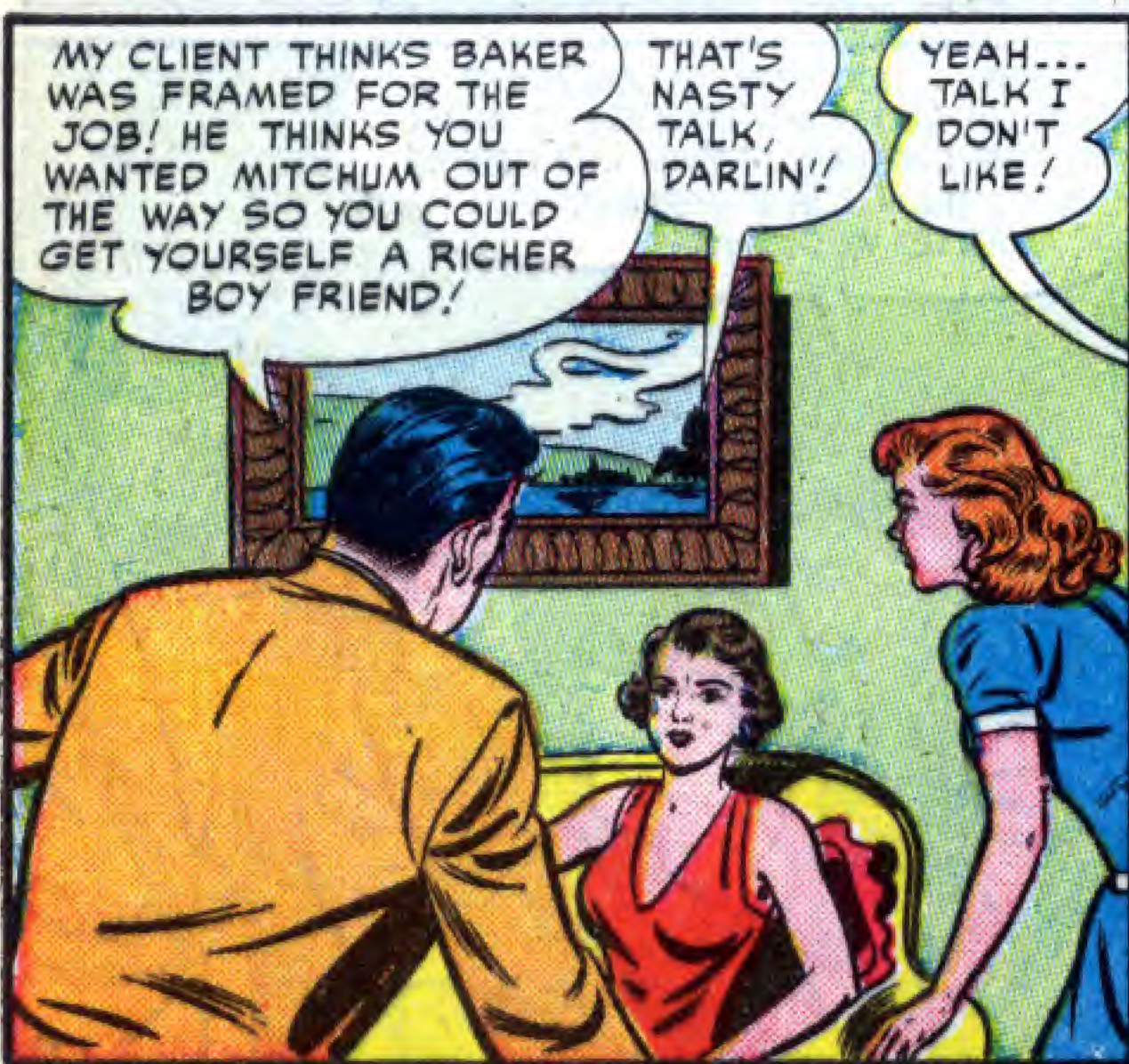
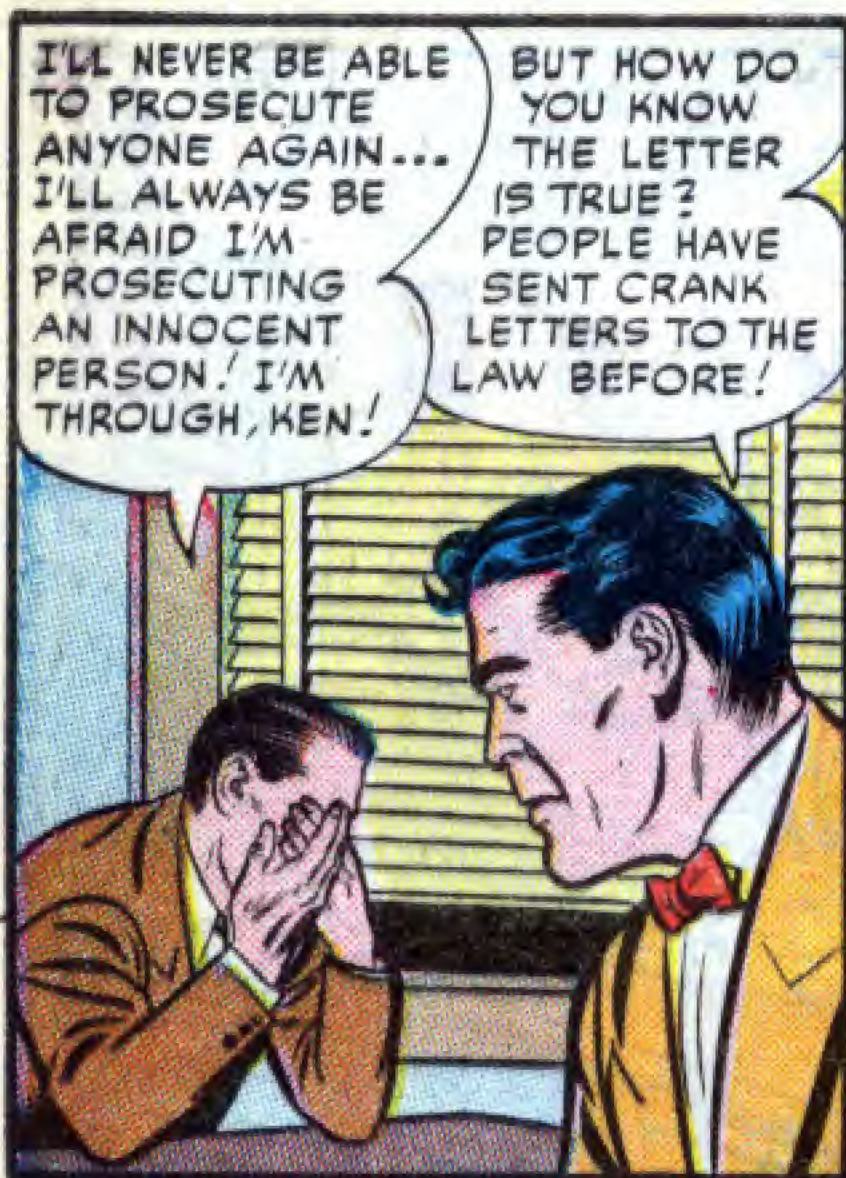


"DEAR D.A. .... YOU'VE JUST EXECUTED AN INNOCENT MAN! BAKER WAS THE FALL GUY FOR A CLEVER FRAME! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO REALLY SHOT MITCHUM, WHY DON'T YOU ASK MITCHUM'S OLD GIRL FRIEND? SIGNED, A STOOLIE!"



BAKER... NOT THE KILLER? DID I REALLY SEND AN INNOCENT MAN TO THE CHAIR? IF THIS LETTER IS TRUE, THEN I'M FINISHED! I'LL HAVE TO RESIGN!









LATER, I TOOK DEE DEE HOME, AND WALKED RIGHT INTO A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!





My  
LEGS  
FELT LIKE  
BOILED  
SPAGHETTI!  
I MADE A  
LAST-  
DITCH  
EFFORT  
TO STAND  
UP, BUT  
ANOTHER  
CRACK  
FINISHED  
ME!



WHEN I SWAM BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, DEE DEE AND I WERE TRUSSED LIKE PRIZE TURKEYS!

THE BOSS SAYS YOU GOTTA  
BE TAUGHT A LESSON! THE  
BOSS SAYS HE DON'T LIKE  
SNOOPERS!

SOUNDS LIKE  
SHELLY'S  
GETTING  
SENSITIVE!



SOFTENING UP TOUGH GUYS  
IS MY SPECIALTY!



IRON  
FINGERS  
DUG AT MY  
THROAT!  
SOMETIMES  
I WAKE  
UP AT  
NIGHT AND  
I CAN  
STILL FEEL  
THOSE  
FINGERS  
AND SEE  
THOSE  
GRINNING  
TEETH!

LIKE BREATHIN',  
PALLY? THEN LAY  
OFF THE MITCHUM  
CASE!

UGGG!



AFTER  
THAT I  
DON'T  
REMEMBER  
MUCH EXCEPT  
BUNCHED  
KNUCKLES  
SMASHING  
AGAIN  
AND  
AGAIN INTO  
MY FACE,  
UNTIL I  
WAS TOO  
NUMB TO  
CARE!



HOLD EVERYTHING,  
HIPPO! THE BOSS  
CHANGED HIS MIND!  
INSTEAD OF JUST  
MESSING UP  
SHANNON, HE  
WANTS HIM  
KNOCKED OFF! THE  
BOSS FIGURES  
THAT'LL KEEP  
SHANNON OFF  
THE CASE FOR  
GOOD!

OKAY!  
I KNOW  
JUST  
HOW TO  
DO THE  
JOB!



TIE 'IM UP GOOD! I'LL GET  
THIS BARREL SET HERE!  
IT'LL GIVE THE JOB WHAT  
THEY CALL A ARTISTIC  
TOUCH! KNOW WHAT I  
MEAN? HAW! HAW!







TAKE A LOOK, BUSYBODY! IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES THAT FLAME WILL REACH THE POWDER...AND THEN...BOOM! SOMEBODY'S GONNA BE COLLECTIN' YOUR LIFE INSURANCE!

WHEN THE LOOGANS CLOSED THAT DOOR ON US, I COULD SEE DEE DEE TRYING TO MAKE LIKE SHE WASN'T SCARED... BUT HER TREMBLING LIPS GAVE HER AWAY!

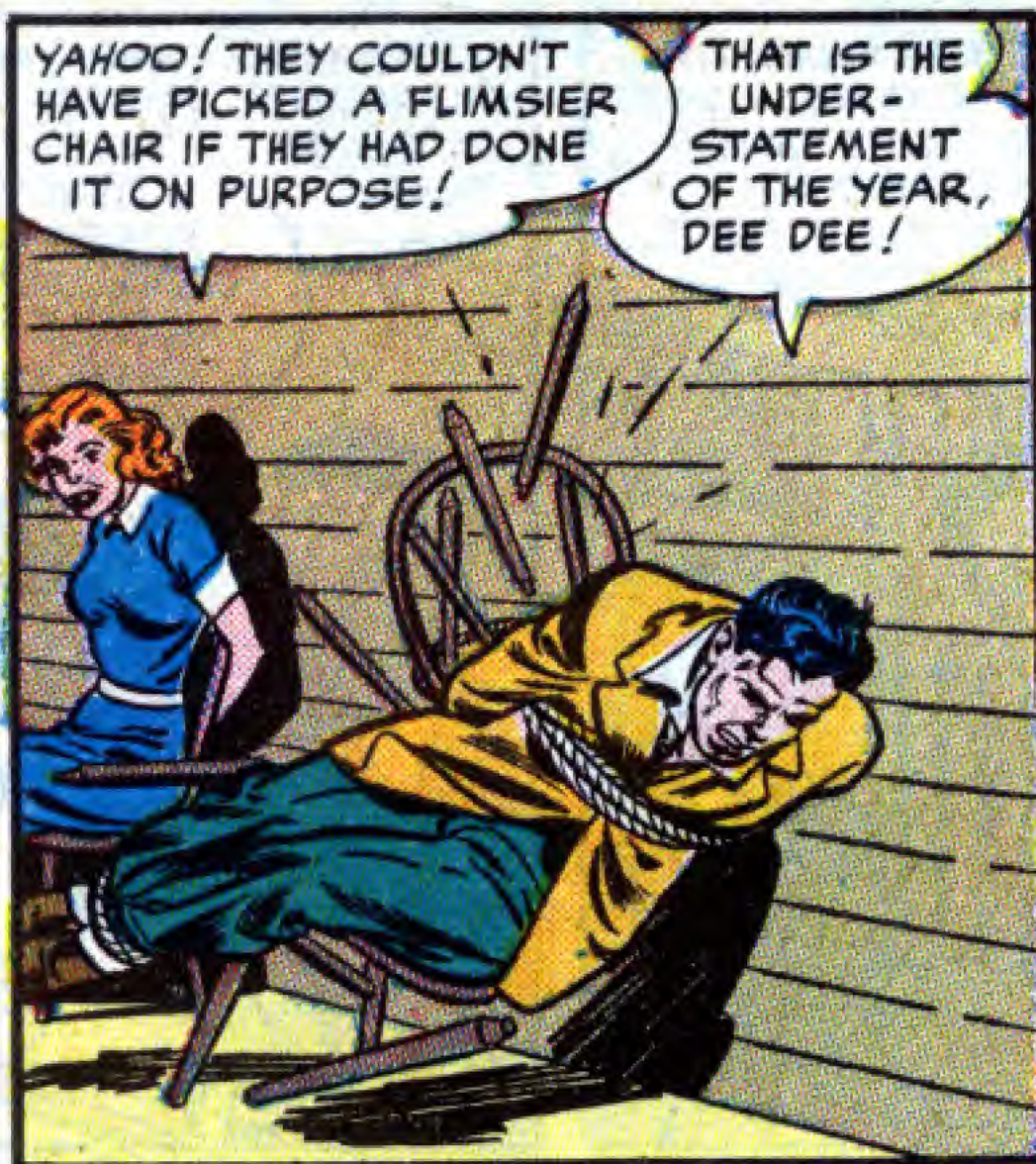


IT'S... IT'S PRETTY BAD, BUT YOU'LL GET US OUT OF THIS, W-WON'T YOU?

NATCH, HONEY... ESPECIALLY IF I CAN YANK ON THAT FAN CHAIN!



KEN! YOU WONDERFUL MAN! THE FAN BLEW THE FLAME OUT! OOOOH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST AGED TEN YEARS!



YAHOO! THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A FLIMSIER CHAIR IF THEY HAD DONE IT ON PURPOSE!

THAT IS THE UNDER-STATEMENT OF THE YEAR, DEE DEE!

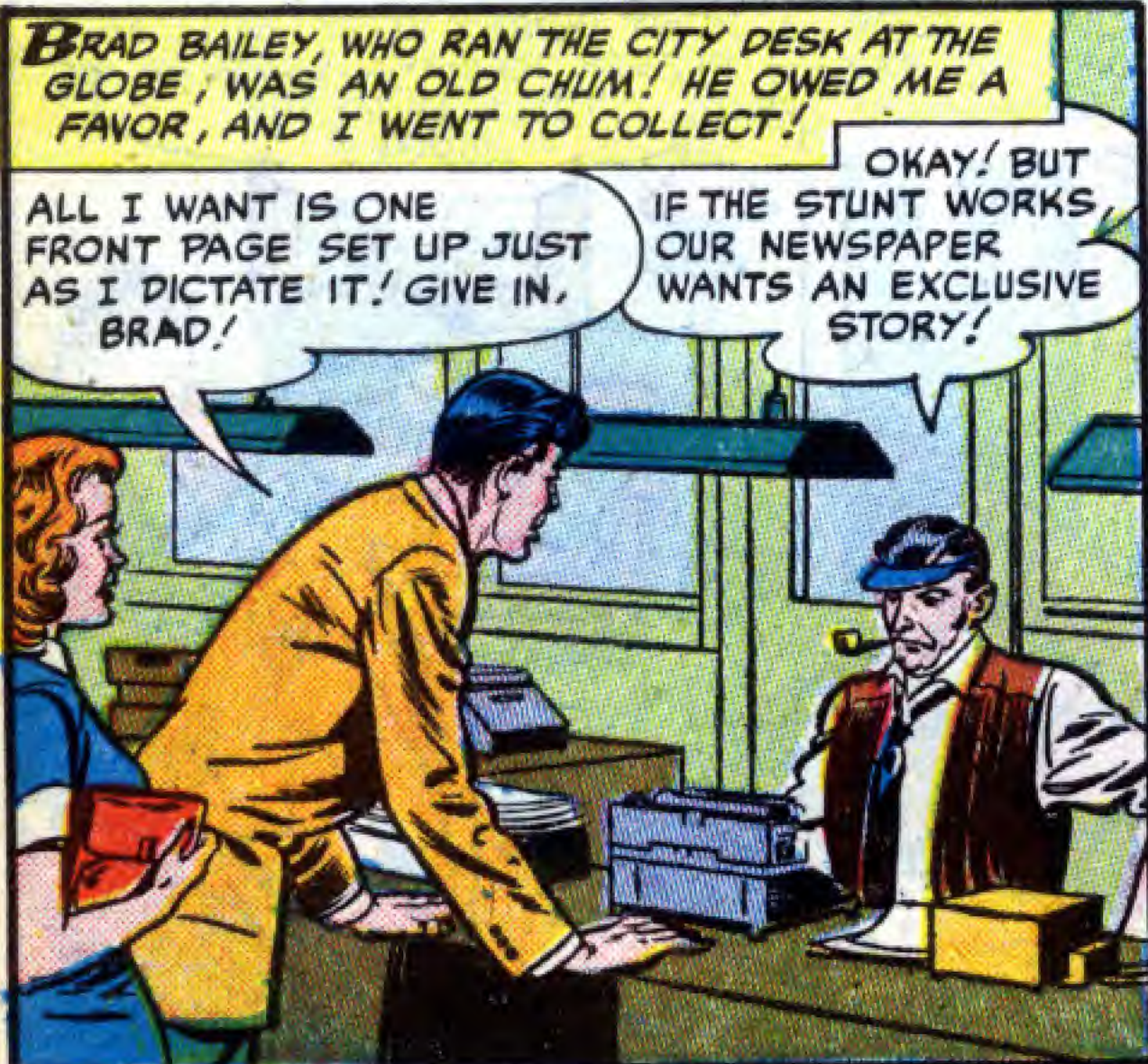
MY BRAIN WAS KICKING AROUND AN IDEA! I THREW MY CHAIR OFF BALANCE, AND WHEN IT CRACKED AGAINST THE WALL, I KNEW MY IDEA WAS PAYING OFF!



WRIGGLING OUT OF THE ROPES WAS EASY AFTER THAT!

OH, KENNY, HONEY! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE GONE THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER!

I'LL LIVE! AND NOW, BABY, I'M GOING TO SEE AN OLD NEWSPAPER PAL OF MINE!



BRAD BAILEY, WHO RAN THE CITY DESK AT THE GLOBE, WAS AN OLD CHUM! HE OWED ME A FAVOR, AND I WENT TO COLLECT!

ALL I WANT IS ONE FRONT PAGE SET UP JUST AS I DICTATE IT! GIVE IN, BRAD!

OKAY! BUT IF THE STUNT WORKS, OUR NEWSPAPER WANTS AN EXCLUSIVE STORY!



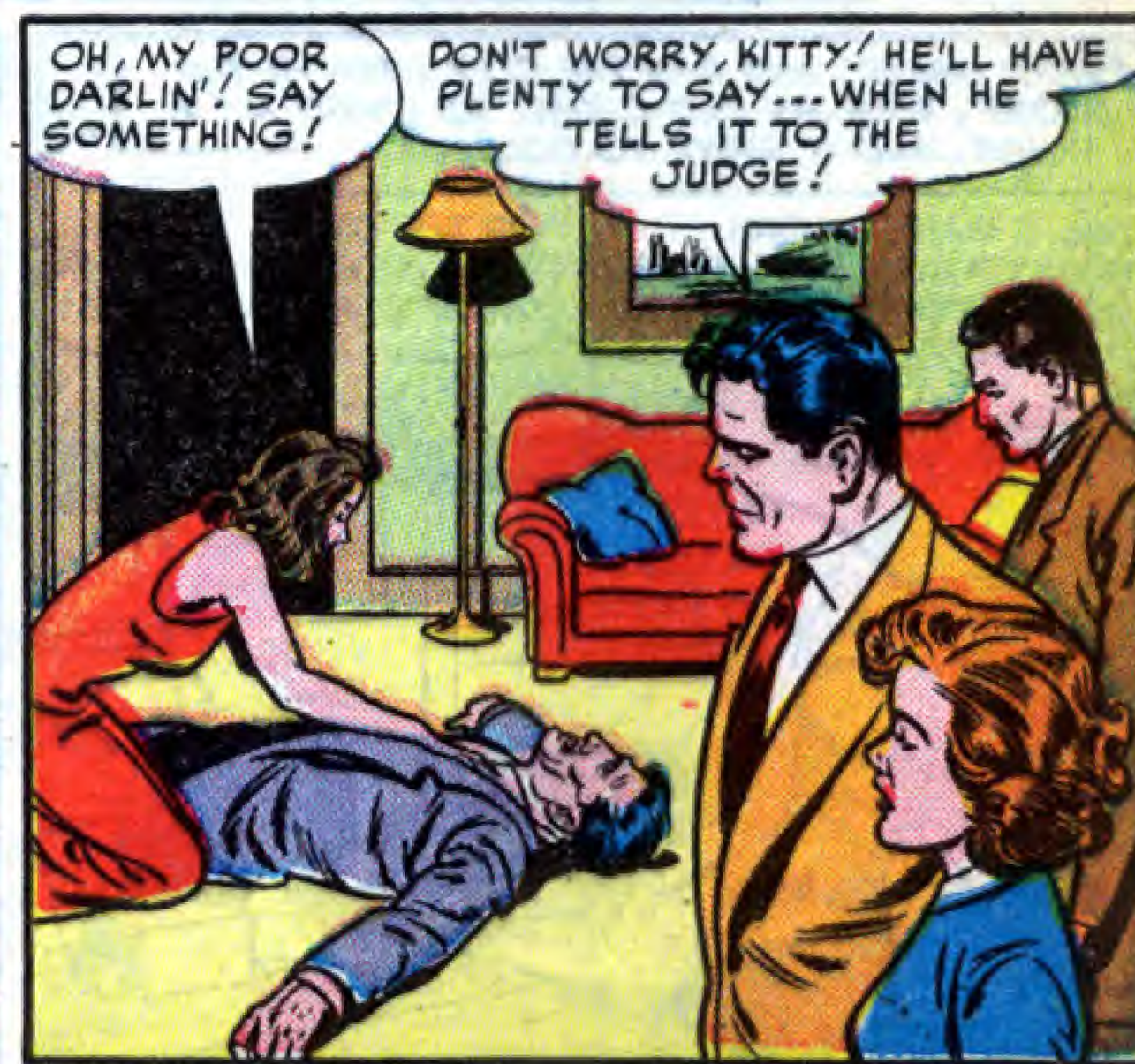
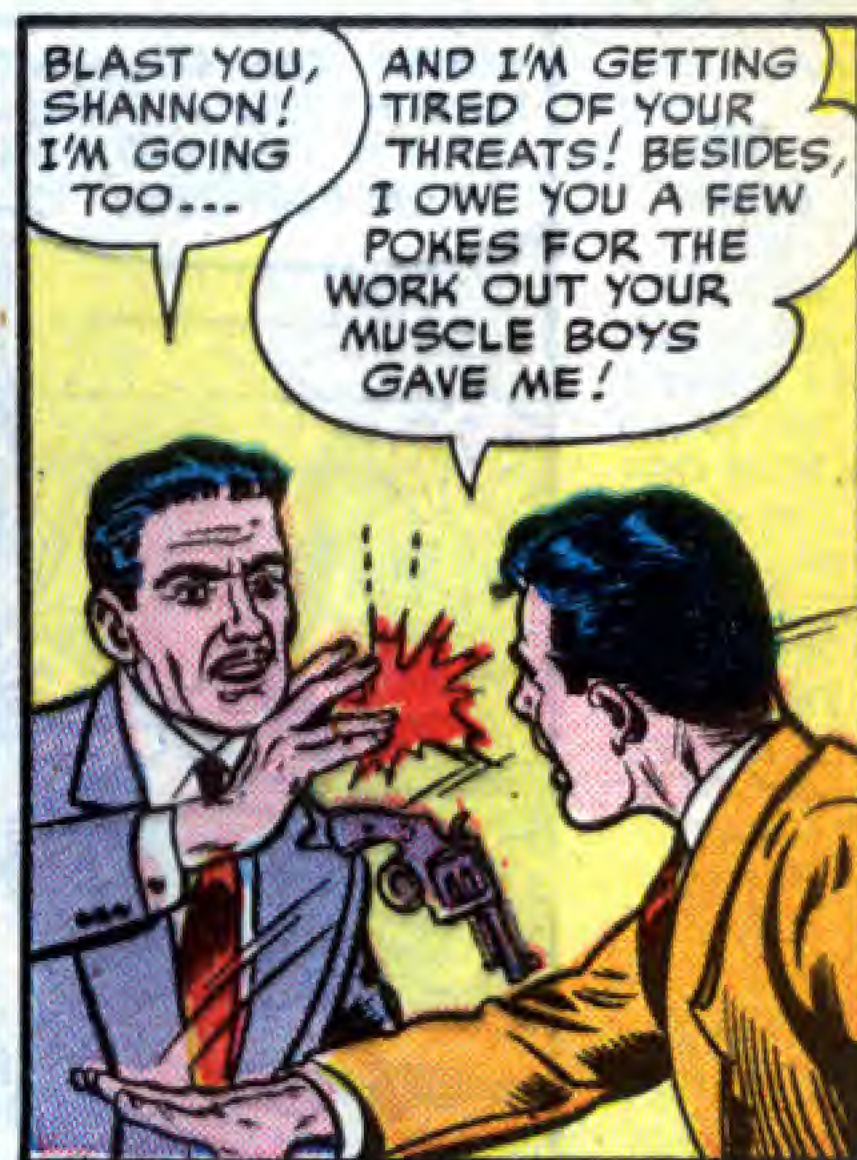
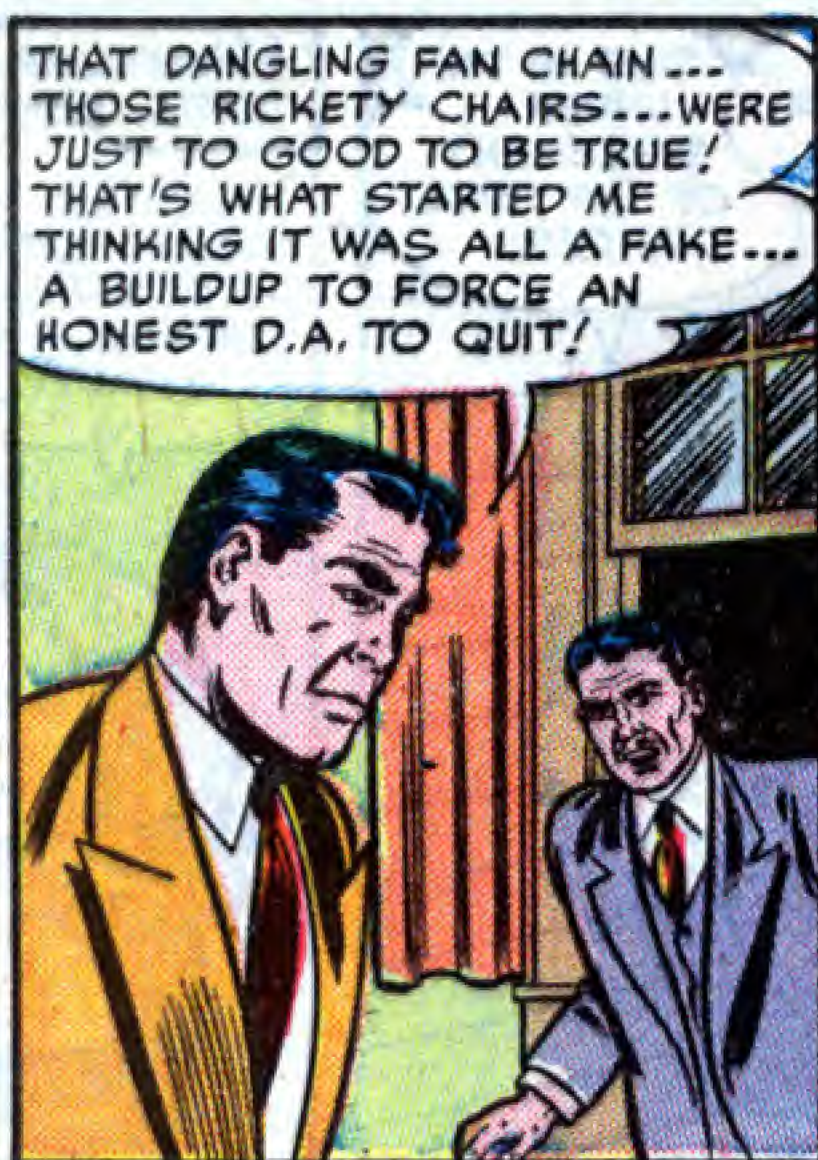
ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

WUXTRY! D.A. LORING RESIGNS! NEW EVIDENCE ON MITCHUM CASE!

HEY, KID! GIVE ME A PAPER!



# KEN SHANNON





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AUTOMATICALLY  
EVERY DAY

# Amazing Swiss Invention!

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Also measures DISTANCES covered by planes, cars, athletes, etc! Yes... all this and it's an AUTOMATIC CALENDAR too! The date pops up in the tiny window every day! Easy to operate with 2 push-buttons. One to start, another to stop watch. Everyone wants this super watch! Students, soldiers, aviators, sailors, race fans, sportsmen, photographers and all men of action!

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Why spend up to \$50.00 for an ordinary looking watch? Save yourself \$41.00 and enjoy a GUARANTEED\* Swiss watch that gives you these 25 quality features... plus distinction and a GENUINE FLEX-O-MATIC BAND... all this for only

**DON'T SEND 1 PENNY — TRY AT OUR RISK!**

You take no chances! Try 10 days at our risk! Full price back if not THRILLED! SUPPLY LIMITED! These watches are getting scarce. Act now! Tomorrow may be too late! Don't miss this bargain of a lifetime! Mail coupon NOW!

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LOOK!**

Most \$50 watches do not have all these great features!

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- Thin but rugged case
- Window Calendar
- 2 Push Buttons
- Hite-Glow Numbers
- Unbreakable Crystal
- Flex-O-Matic Band

**\*UNLIMITED GUARANTEE**

Exclusive of parts! Never a charge for skilled repair service! FULL INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN! Mail COUPON NOW for 10 Day Trial right in your own home — no risk or obligation for you! These watches are hard to get! RUSH — get yours NOW — only ONE per customer.

**FREE!**

— of extra cost — a genuine FLEX-O-MATIC band given with your watch. This band may be purchased separately at \$4.95. You don't pay one red cent extra! Only ONE watch sold to each customer because supply is limited and we want to satisfy as many customers as possible. RUSH COUPON NOW!

### 10 DAY HOME TRIAL Money-Back Guarantee

Wear and enjoy this amazing watch at OUR risk for 10 full days. Surprised your friends... check it for accuracy with ANY watch for \$50.00. Thrill to its many super features. Then YOU be the judge — if not satisfied 100% return for full refund of purchase price. RUSH COUPON at once! Don't delay — you may lose this LIFETIME BARGAIN! Remember we only sell ONE to a customer, because our supply is limited and we want to please everybody possible. Send order to:

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 198-X-250  
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

**SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon now for home trial!**

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 198-X-250  
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

RUSH a CALENDAR-CHRONOGRAPH watch on 10 DAY HOME TRIAL free of obligation! I will pay postman only \$9.59 which includes all postage, tax, etc. — NOT 1 CENT MORE! If not thrilled and satisfied I will return watch within 10 days for complete refund of purchase price!

(ONLY ONE WATCH PER CUSTOMER SOLD)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ **SAVE MORE AND GET MORE!** Send cash or money order for \$9.00. Package will be sent insured right up to your door — at no extra cost whatsoever. We give EXTRA FAST service on all cash orders. Same MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Full instructions and Service Certificate given.



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All for  
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Beautifully  
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— 2 COWGIRL — \$5.99

SIZE \_\_\_\_\_  
AGE \_\_\_\_\_ WEIGHT \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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